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The Indian Ladies' Magazine

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LIGHT BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS.

Light behind the mountains—
Red fire in the Deep,
Where the bright-eyed cherubs,
Laugh the sun to sleep :

Grey-green melting tintly
Into higher blue,
Shade-pinks touching hill sides,
Opposite from you :

Snow caps on the high peaks,
Wind in leafless trees,
Darkness falling darkly,
On the solemn screes.

Say you that wild Winter,
Hath no marvellous sights ?
Never saw I summer,
Melting in such lights.

H. P.

"WHOM GOD HATH JOINED"

I owe an apology to Mr. Arnold Bennet, who has written a novel under the caption, "Whom god hath joined". Mr. Bennet's fame is well-established, and his soul is not likely to be disturbed from its rest—Mr. Bennet died recently—by the use of this title by a writer like me, whose object is to recall to the minds of the readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine some pictures of those "whom God hath joined," as visualised by Shakespeare in English, and Kamban and some other masters in Tamil, and to offer comments and to invite criticisms on the inferences drawn.

"Whom God hath joined" none shall dare separate. On this have revolved the glories and tragedies, the hopes and fears, the successes and failures, the joys and sorrows, and possibly the soli-

dity of all mankind. It is not my aim to attempt at the very outset an analysis of the human motives, that have helped in the steadfast adherence of mankind to this injunction, or to suggest whether the permanent well-being of society requires any modification in the sanctity attached to this injunction. In countries more accustomed to free thought on this subject, in cultures more sensitive to an equal treatment of sexes, the problem has not yet got cleared of all the tangles that arise out of prejudices, and the difficulties in presenting the problem to a calm audience in this country of almost fanatic adherence to the sanctity of marriage laws are well-nigh insuperable. I therefore propose at this stage to narrate the stories in certain well-known plays of Shakespeare and the Tamil classics, from the point of view of the relationship visualised by those masters between their chief characters, "whom God hath joined". May I invite the indulgence of my readers to a perusal of these, and to a frank criticism of the points touched on by me? Criticisms from the woman's point of view will help the next series of articles, I am planning, on the need for legal reform in the law governing Hindu marriage in this country.

The story of Olivia and the Duke, with Viola being the *she*, whom God prefers to join to the hero, must be well-known to those readers, who in their school days took to the wise habit of reading and enjoying Charles Lamb. The story moves in an atmosphere a trifle artificial, and the loves of men and women wax up and down with the humour of Sir Toby. The Duke seems to love Olivia in all intensity, while Olivia pictures to herself the romance of renunciation, as inevitable to her sorrow over the death of her brother; but in a moment the Duke marries Viola, and Olivia marries Viola's brother by mistake. The lightness, with which the greatest of poets treats this eternal problem, that has vexed humanity ever since its birth, is very striking. The poet of course does not write this drama with any purpose. He finds a convenient story somewhere and dramatises it with his magic pen for the use of his company. But the story is the least important. The question whether a man's love is deeper and more abiding than that of woman's is put forward in a few lines; and, though Shakespeare need not be assumed to give us the answer, the question, as put by him, deserves our attention.

The duke is obsessed with only one idea, his great love for Olivia. Even in the very opening lines he explains how his whole being is possessed with the feeling.

> "O when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
> Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
> That instant was I turned into a hart;
> And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
> E'er since pursue."

Viola, disguised as a boy, is his servant and is used by him as the messenger of his love to Olivia. To Viola's question, what she is to do, if Olivia perchance finds it impossible to love him, he replies in a style in keeping with his later actions :—

"There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt ;
But mine is all hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much : make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia."

Aye, man's love, note, according to the Duke, is as hungry as the sea, and as insatiable : can digest any dose, while woman's love suffers surfeit, and is only a thing of the tongue, not of the stomach, which can hold all and digest all.

Viola, in her disguise as a man, retorts that she knows
"Too well what love women to men may owe :
In faith, they are as true of heart as we......
.... She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?
We men say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove,
Much in our vows, but little in our love."

That is the vital point of woman's love,—like patience on a monument smiling at grief. Its depth is too profound for active exhibition and self-protection, and women, as Thomas Hardy has so pithily expressed and illustrated in his novels, have a rich capacity for misery and give themselves up to it with the proverbial liberality of a Karna, in India. Viola can only say, women are as true of heart as men, but suffer in silence and bear jilting in patience.

The Duke, who is so confident of winning over the hostile Olivia with the depth of his love, because "no woman's sides can bide the beating of so strong a passion", can only burst out at the first meeting of Olivia when she rejects his amiable advances, "as fat and fulsome to mine ear, as howlings after music", "with the ordinary cry of an unrefined animal",—"Like to the Egyptian thief

at point of death, kill what I love? A savage jealousy, that sometimes savours nobly". A moment after in the same scene, when he finds Olivia married to Sebastian, he offers his hand to Viola. as a reward for her services, services against the mettle of her sex. Thus the heart of a man once stirred by the fire of a great passion, responds readily to faithful services. Is this so? I wonder. Let us look at the picture next of Imogen and her Posthumus Leonatus.

T. SIVARAMASETU PILLAI.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN ENGLISH AND INDIAN WOMEN.

FOR years and years now, English women have been coming to the shores of India. Some of them are compelled to come, because their husbands work out here; some of them come on their own accord, as Missionaries, teachers, doctors and nurses. They leave their little green island, their "precious stone set in the silver sea," and come to this wonderful immense land of ours, and to some of them, the magic spell of the East enters into their blood, and when they go home again, India calls to them with incessant urging cries. To some of them, however, the life out here is a hardship and a sacrifice, and they long to go back to their native land once more, and be with the children they were compelled to leave behind.

Whether they dislike India, however, or are enchanted with her beauty, still they come and come. They step off the outward-bound ships and make a second home out here under the blazing sun and pouring rain of India's Orient sky. But, what has been the result of their stay amongst the dusky races of Hindustan? What have they, or we, to show for it? What have we, Indian women, done towards making them more at home in an alien land, or what have they done towards developing a better understanding with us? Has their coming created a better feeling between East and West, and has it united the women of England and India in a common cause? Alas, it has not, and this is indeed a sad fact, to note, especially when we come to realise the years and years that have rolled by, and the time which has been wasted in creating nothing but a superficial link between the nations. Nay, even this link, as time goes on, seems to become weaker and weaker, for the two nations do not often meet on the basis of individual worth and common social comradeship, but look at each other with prejudiced discontented eyes, which are narrowly limited to the welfare of each one's own nation, and are not broad-minded and cognisant of the fact that this world is not Man's, but

Mrs. Asaf Ali.

Mrs. Asaf Ali of Delhi, who was elected President of the Delhi and United Province Children's Conference.

Photo: I. N. Agency, Srirangam.

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God's, and that therefore all nations should meet on an equal footing, without racial prejudices. Is it not strange that, in the rational world of today, when every fair-thinking man has acknowledged to himself that all nations should be at peace with one another, there should be such misunderstanding and such an undercurrent of bitterness between Indians and the English.

The chief cause for this coldness between the two nations is probably the intolerance that each race bears to the other in the adjustment of social habits and customs between the two especially among the women. The orthodox Indian woman, and the rigid English woman are so different in their ways of living, that they often feel it is impossible to be true friends; and it is generally found that, until the one more or less completely supresses her national modes of living, and adopts the customs of the other, no friendship can exist between them. Either an Englishwoman becomes a good deal Indian in her ways, or an Indian woman becomes greatly Anglicised. There is no real half-way-house, where they can meet on common grounds.

The fault has been on both sides. Indian women have either been too orthodox, and regarded the English woman as a complete foreigner, without even considering the possibility of forming a comradeship with her; or, they have become too Western, and, despising Indian ways, have made friends with the English and become too Anglicised. On the other hand, most English women have not approached Indians with a feeling of friendship; but with the ever-conscious thought that they are the rulers of the land in which they have to stay. This feeling has been fostered and encouraged by Indians themselves, for, for many years after the white man stepped on our shores, we cringed and crept before them, not treating them as other human beings, but as superiors. Naturally, therefore, they learnt to hold the upper hand, which has unconsciously shown itself in their social dealings with Indians. There is usually a certain amount of patronage and superiority. Some, even while being Missionaries and philanthropists, carry on their work of reform with the idea of always trying to raise the Indian women around them to their own high efficient state of Western civilisation, little realising that India has her own fine civilisation, which is as old as the hills. A few think it is the correct thing to avoid mixing with their Indian sisters at all; some wish the Indian women to become Anglicised before they deign to make friends with their native neighbours. Therefore, a deep friendship between an orthodox Indian woman and an English woman is almost impossible, because the former is rigid and superstitious and old-fashioned and does not dare to step beyond the bounds set by her ancestors, and the latter is superior and reserved and does not wish to learn other ways of living.

And so, the years have rolled by, with alas, no true understanding between the women of the two nations. Will the ice ever be broken? Will there ever be a common ground, where they can meet as equals? Our Indian sisters are now asserting themselves all around It rests with them, not to foster the alien spirit, but to mix with English women freely, in a natural friendly way, without giving up their Indian habits and becoming Anglicised. The time for being kept apart from the world and living in an orthodox manner is over. Our women must show the world what they are worth, not only by working for their own nation, but by developing a spirit of Internationalism and goodwill towards the whole world, and forming friendships with women of other nations. The gaining of *Swaraj* and the encouragement of *Swadeshi* does not mean insularity and racial rigidity. Als , English women should unbend a little, and through a spirit of true interest, and not patronage or superiority, should set aside a little of their time from the rush of social engagements amongst their own community, and try to become the comrades and companions of Indian women. Indian and English women should live with each other more frequently. Clubs, where both the nations meet, should be fostered and encouraged, and the management of such institutions should be under the control of both Indians and Europeans. Indian men should take their women about with them more, and Indian women should take up sport and social work more enthusiastically than they are doing at present. Only then can there be social Intercourse between English and Indian women —and the sooner there is this feeling of Internationalism and friendship, the better will it be for both nations.

AN INDIAN GIRL.

THE REALM OF MAN AND WOMAN

HUMANITY has been divided into the two well-known divisions of man and woman, and never as a fact can they live as individuals throughout their life. An ideal of society would be imperfect if it failed to include either of these. Individuals can be thought of; but individuals, do not live. There can be no humanity unless it be made up of so many persons organically united in families.

Poetry, philosophy, history, morals, physiology, common sense all teach us, that close as the sexes are, alike as they are, and more and more destined to co-operate in one life, men differ from women in all sorts of ways, in moral and emotional power, in qualities of heart and brain, will, aptitude, temper, resources and tendencies; that the bare physiological distinction

of sex is quite the least difference, though it is the essential basis of other differences. Those, who would recast these respective parts and equalise the practical functions of the two, forget that this is no simple question to be settled by itself.

Some ask the silly question, which of the two sexes is the superior type. For my part, I refuse to answer a question so utterly unmeaning. Is the brain superior to the heart? Is air superior to water? Are there any other childish conundrums of the kind? Affection is a stronger force in women's nature than in men's, and productive energy is a stronger force in men's nature than in women's. But it is the height of unreason and of presumption to say anything whatever as to superiority on the one side or the other. All that we can say is, that where we need purity, unselfishness, versatility and refinement, we look to women chiefly; where we need force, endurance, equanimity and justice we look to men.

Out of this dualism, there has grown up a complex distribution of parts in life, some natural, we say, to women, some natural to men. And the future of civilisation will enforce and increase this distribution of parts, instead of effacing it, inasmuch as it tends to develop the higher nature of men as well as women. Marriage is the only kind of union between the sexes, which tends to bring about families, because it is a union which has passed out of the voluntary purpose of the parties, into one which society, for its own sake, has taken into its own hands and on which it imposes its own moral and legal duties.

Men and women do not divide the whole map of life into separate tracts, women, as it were, taking one continent and men the other; men taking politics, women the home. Nothing of the kind. Both men and women have to take the whole field of life and cover the whole ground. The difference lies in this, that men and women have different ways of treating this field and affect it by different qualities and forces.

Men have to do with the home as well as women; men mostly finding the material part and being responsible for the maintenance of that, and women playing a larger part in its purity, happiness and sweetness. Women have to do with education quite as much as men; but the task of women is rather more with the education in the home, than that of men whose education is more at school.

Everywhere and in all things, woman is the noblest work of civilisation, and her true work is to make it a yet better one by infusing into human life her supreme womanly qualities in her inimitable womanly way. Let us hold fast by this that the great task before is to make woman more womanly and man more manly,

and the two main wants in this direction are to enlarge the opporr nities for women to develop her inexhaustible wealth of affection, purity and moral judgement ; on the side o' the man to teach him the duty of taking on himself the maintenance of woman. And the equality of the sexes is to be the prize of this gigantic process of levelling down one sex to uniformity with the other. This ideal cannot be attained at once. It is not to be attained at all by mere forbidding, condemning and restricting. It is to be attained slowly and gradually, by giving man and woman their full liberties to give expression to their qualities of heart and brain.

K. V. SWAMINATHAN.

THE EARTH'S BIRTHDAY.

SOMEWHERE in the remote and shadowy ages of the past (Science reckons about two thousand millions of years ago), the birthday of the planet Earth, took place.

The Sun, which is the centre of our little Universe, (there are millions upon millions of other such Universes,) consists of fiery atoms, whose heat is so intense as to cause it to remain in a gaseous state. This sun now rotates at a velocity of 4, 407 miles per hour at the Equator. Its velocity in the remote, uncountable ages of antiquity, judging by the Earth's retarded revolutions, (the Earth's day was at one time 8 hours in duration), must have been considerably greater than at present, and, in the course of its rotations, (according to the nebular hypothesis) pieces of vapour broke away from it and were hurled into space. Not only did these vapour pieces receive from their parent vapour, the force which propelled them into space ; but, as they were thrown off at a tangent from the sun, they also received a revolutionary motion, which caused each of them to spin upon its own axis. Physics and Electricity prove to us that every physical body in the Universe has an attraction for every other physical body, hence, as the fragments of vapour went hurtling into space, they gradually came under the pulling and controlling influence of other bodies hung in space, and, in time, were arrested in their flight, until they assumed a more or less stationary position in the Universe, but still retaining their spinning motion. Hence we have day and night. The seasons, of course, are caused by the planet assuming various angles to the sun, as it moves about the latter in an elliptical orbit. The satellites were thrown off from the planets in like manner as the planets were tangentially expelled from the suns.

From a flaming mass of nebulous incandescence, the planet cooled and contracted from the gaseous state to the liquid and from the liquid to the solid. Upon the solidified outer crust of the globe, great lakes of water formed. Into the porous earth, these sank, and, meeting the molten matter insid , were converted into steam, which, at a specific pressure, must have an outlet. Hence, there followed great volcanic eruptions, resulting in mountains and hills, valleys and plains, and all diverse surface manifesta'ions.

Upward through a series of miraculous geological transmutations, we now pass the Archean, the Laurentian, the Cambrian, the Silurian, the Devonian, the Carboniferous, the Triassic, the Jurassic, the Cretaceous, the Tertiary, until we reach the final miracle of earthly creation—Man, of whom History, Biography and the Spirit have infinite marvels to relate.

HERBERT PORTER.

A WINTER TRIP.

THIS winter I had the opportunity of visiting a part of India, that I had not seen before. I wish time had permitted me to make a longer stay, when I might have had more interesting impressions to relate.

Forty miles north of Gorappur and the terminus of the B. N. W. Railway, is the little village of Nautanwa ; it is three miles, by the motor road, from the borders of Nepal, and one and a half miles from another point. This little village, with its cluster of mud houses, damp lanes and stagnant pools, faces the gigantic hills of Nepal, which stretch east and west as far as the eye can see. The after glow of the sunset envelopes the snow-capped mountains in a rosy film, and from them a light wind springs in the hush of evening, blowing softly over the stretches of wheat fields.

This little village-town carries on a vigorous trade with Nepal, sending in grain, salt and cloth, in exchange for ghee, ginger and timber. In every Nepali village, crowds of little children, with bright beaming faces, play in the little open places in front of their houses, where, in some cases, they have a garden.

There is a daily motor-service into Nepal from Nautanwa, in summer and winter. In the rains, the road is too wet for motors —only elephants and mules may wade through the muddy pool that serves as a road. I got the opportunity of taking a trip over the border of Nepal. With some friends, I took a seat in a bus, which was just starting out on its journey. The motor had cut a track for itself through the dry rice fields, in the three miles that it ran on Indian ground, but, over the border, the Nepal Govern-

ment had made a very temporary road-way. We jolted along, our heads bumped every now and then against the roof of the bus, as we were violently thrown into the arms of the passengers opposite! Then came a six-mile drive through a dense forest at the foot of the Nepal Hills; I was informed that at certain points the forest was ten miles deep. Sinuous creepers twined serpent-like round the great trunks of ancient trees, and reared their tufts of foliage over the towering heights. I could well imagine what an impenetrable mass the thick under-growth would be in the rains! Crossing the forest, we emerged into the open again, but now we were going up a gradual ascent, so gradual that it was hardly perceptible.

Our nineteen miles drive within Nepal territory came to an end at the collection of grass huts, which did duty for a motor-stand at Butwal. We got off, glad to stretch our stiff legs, shouldered our tiffin baskets and blankets and proceeded to walk to the Governor's camping-ground. A narrow pathway, through tangled shrubs and over rocks and boulders, brought us to an elevated clearance, where, under tall trees, was the Governor's camp. Small tents were dotted here and there, while sentries stood round an enclosure, which was for the exclusive use of the Governor and his family. Hanging from the branches of a tree, were evidences of a recent shooting-trip. The skins of a bird of bright plumage and of a silver-grey fox ware hung up to dry, while in the distance Nepalese soldiers cleaned their rifles.

After a wait of two hours, we were admitted into the presence of H. E., General Pratap Sham Sher Jang Bahadur, Rana. Being previously warned, we unbuttoned our straps, ready to take off our shoes in His Excellency's presence. Having bowed low, we took our places on the carpet in the reception tent, and were received in true Indian style.

Though not observing purdah, yet the ladies of the house-hold did not appear before every male visitor; but I noticed that in the reception tent there were quite a few gentlemen sitting around, who, I learnt, later, were privileged callers.

Our visit over, we walked out of the tent, down to the river, flowing just under the Governor's camp. The Nepal Government was putting up a fine suspension bridge, which was to take the place of a temporary one of logs of wood tied with ropes. Crossing the river, we came to the little bazaar of Butwal, which was swarming with flies. I looked about for oranges everywhere, but not an orange could I espy. I wonder how Butwal came to be associated with that particular fruit, when there is not even a single tree there!

We had to wait some time for a motor bus to take us back to Nautanwa, and in the meantime a fine drizzle started which

drove us to take shelter in a sweet-seller's hut. I began to think that we would have to spend the night in a hut, when a bus arrived and we boarded it.

The road now was so slushy and wet, that the wheels of our car would sink deeply every now and then, nearly turning it on its side. We met with an accident in the middle of the forest road. The wheels of a lorry, coming from the opposite direction skidded, dashing it violently against ours, which was standing on one side to give it room to pass. Unfortunately, a poor villager was hanging on to the foot-board, and when the cars dashed, he came in between and was in danger of being crushed to death. There seemed nothing to do, but pass on. The driver had no license and had been plying his machine for sometime without one. We made a great pretence of taking down the number of the lorry, the name of the driver and the names and addresses of various witnesses. It was night when we got back to Nautanwa; the rain had stopped and we were certainly glad to creep into bed after our day's outing.

S. MUKERJI.

A DAY IN MIDSUMMER

Along the margin of yon quiet lake,
The road winds like a silver Serpentine;
Mountains, with sunlit peaks, seek loftiness
Untouched amid the glittering Infinite;
The heavens are bold and blue, with curling clouds
Of fleecy whiteness on their silken heights;
The tall woods wave their summer flags aloft,
Above the verdant path and sylvan glade.
A brook rolls onward to the lonely lake,
Thro' devious course ; mysterious images
Arise ; and sounds of beating , wings disperse.
The cataract thunders in the the mountain gorge
Precipitous in majesty ; long lights
Sweep from the golden sun. and trailing clouds
Cast moving shadows on the hills ; serene
In his imperial power, Day's Majesty,
Fills all the rounded canopy and giddy space
Of scintillating glory on high.
Tall hills are heather-clothed : the lofty cliff
Towers stately over depths of shade and gloom.
A brooding myst'ry haunts the rocky caves;
And from a giant precipice, sheep bleat
In melancholy sadness—a strange sound,

As if some subtle, nameless instinct worked
Within their soul-less brains for higher life.

The genii of the woods now pace abroad;
Pan, with sweet Flora, trips the merry mead,
And Nature spreads a Poet's paradise.
Flow'rs scent the valleys, and the rushing rill
Leaps ever on its wild, unwearied way.
The bracken bow their heads beneath the breeze,
And all the moss-grown walks look velvet-clad.

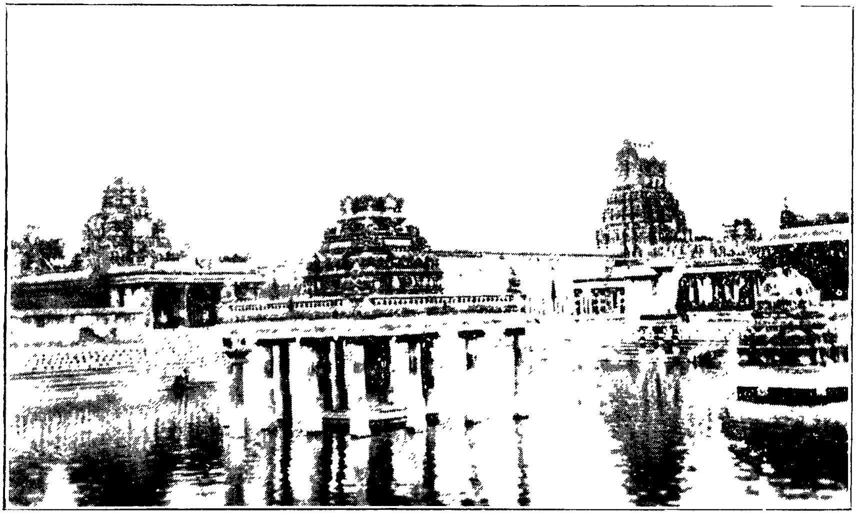
What beauties lie in Nature's heavenly hand!
What pow'rs here live to soothe the toil-worn brain!
In this bright Eden, the calm soul may be
Enamoured of the mysteries of Life:
And all the universal weight of woe,
And dread calamities of foolish men,
Here melt, as mists, upon a classic ground.

O Wordsworth, natural sights and sounds like these,
Enthralled thee with great inspirational pow'r.
Thy strong soul of sympathy, by Nature touched,
And all the changeful annals of the poor,
Their sorrows and their joys, simplicities,
And all their uncomplaining sufferings,
Found place within thy heart-endearing Song.

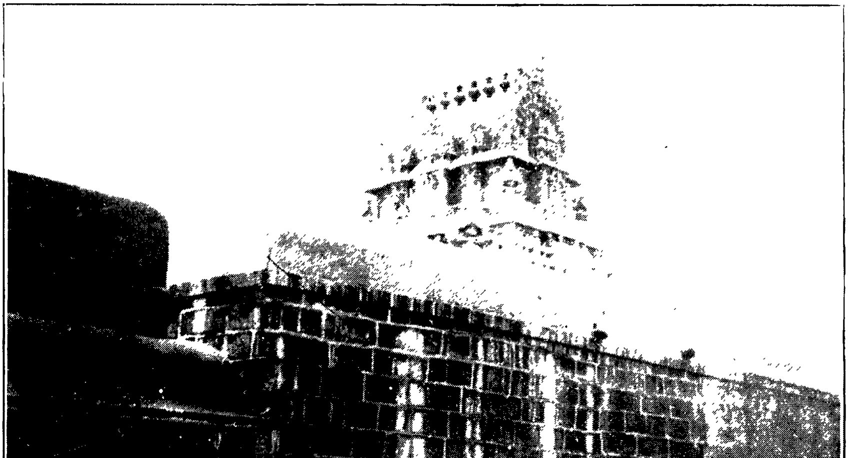
Let Hermes and Mercurius laud their wealth—
Let Plutus boast his store of yellow gold—
Let Greece and Rome and Babylon, Nineveh
And Tyre, shout their luxuriant pomp; but life,
Lived in a pure and noble poverty, excels
All sumptuous grandeurs Earth may ever yield.
For, oft within a cottage genius dwells—
And thou, perhaps, the greatest of all these.

Not that thou hated'st dignitaries, or
The palace reared above nobility;
The marble balustrade and lofty tower
And turrets, that lend castles majesty,
Have all their place in life: true dignity
And various forms in all things must prevail,
For Nature made it so: ever shall be
Both depth and height, with its long-linked scale
Of smooth gradations: but the greatest be
The sainted and the spiritual: such
As have no poisonous pride within their souls,

SOME TEMPLE VIEWS



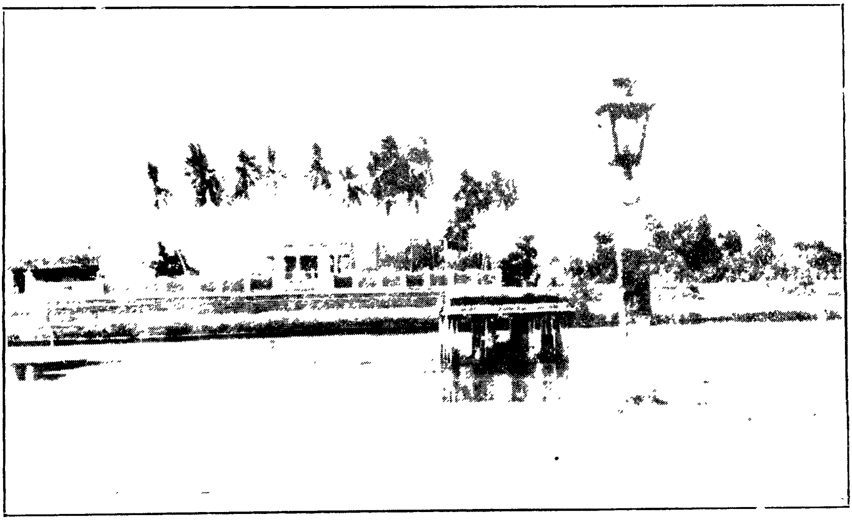
A view of Conjeevaram Sri Devarajaswami Temple.



The Gopuram of Sri Devarajaswami temple at Conjeevaram, rebuilt artistically at the cost of a philanthropic worshipper.

P. T. O.

Photos by S. Kannan, Madras.



A view of the tank and hills at Tiruvirmalai, where many marriages are celebrated.

Photo: S. Kannan, Madras

Whose mouths are silent and their spirits just,
Who shun the multifarious haunts of men,—
These, these alone are Nature's gentle-folk,
Whether in castle or in cottage born :
And only shall the World reach the Christ-like state,
When highest to the lowest ministers,
Not only with the Spirit, but with gold,
And every great and godlike enterprise.

HERBERT PORTER.

THE IDEAL ACHIEVED

(A SHORT SKETCH.)

IF you despise ideals, let me tell you that he, who has no ideals, is like one that is blind, for ideals are our second eyes. A room, without windows, is exiled from light and air and does not fulfil the promise of a room. Even so, men are not men without ideals.

Mr. Narasimhan was blessed with daughters only ; and if Mrs. Narasimhan can ever be imagined to rebel and question the universe, one can imagine her query would be this : "Why should I be given so many daughters and still be denied sons ?" Miss Lakshmi was the second daughter ; and, though she could not be called very good-looking, yet, when compared with the girls of her family and caste, surely she must be classed as an angel. And her careful attention to her personal appearance added some beauty to her looks. She dressed in a very simple style, not because she loved simplicity in dress, but because her father could not afford anything else. Yet, she presented a decent picture of an educated girl in fairly good circumstances. She was a little above the average in intelligence and that made her father give her some school education. His fond hope was that at least the younger generation i.e. his daughters and his nephews, would be able to revive the past glory of his family.

But Mrs. Narasimhan was a typical Hindu lady of the old school and was much against her daughter going to be educated like a boy. She used all her power and influence to stop it, but her husband only said "What is the harm if she goes to school ? She is clever and is making good progress in her studies."

"But, because she likes to study, it does not mean that she should be allowed to have her own way. What is the advantage to a woman of reading in a school ? Surely, she is not going to earn her livelihood like a man. And moreover, she is now of

marriagable age, and it is high time that you should stop her going to school, and get her married."

These were her arguments day in and day out. She appeared to think her husband was committing an offence in one of the sections of the Indian Penal code. But, at last, she understood that it was quite impossible for her to bring him round to her way. She rebelled in secret, and deeply she felt the gentle taunts of her relatives for sending a grown-up girl to school.

However, Lakshmi never cared for any remark or criticism, but minded her own business, for she quite clearly understood that selfishness to a certain limit is a virtue in this world. She enjoyed very much the life in the school, particularly the social side. The discipline there, which was of a high order, had a good effect on her. At the same time, there was much scope for her to enjoy physical exercises, such as drill and badminton. It was impossible for her to command all these things in her humble house. The good atmosphere in the school added some charm to her ordinary looks and manners. She now thought it was a necessity to wear spectacles, in order to pass off as a fashionable and educated girl, though really she never required them. They certainly added a sort of majesty to her appearance.

In the course of a few years, Lakshmi had passed the School-final Examination. She obtained a scholarship, which enabled her to pay the expenses of her college studies. Somehow, the mere fact of getting a decent sum of Rs. 20 per month, as a scholarship, changed the attitude of her relatives and gained her their admiration. They discussed among themselves her luck in getting a monthly sum of Rs. 20 for merely studying in a College. "Men," they said, "after passing so many examinations work hard in offices and only get Rs. 40, 50, 60." So at last they came to understand that there was some use in giving equal opportunities to girls and boys, at least in education.

After passing the Intermediate examination, Lakshmi joined the Medical College and got on there quite well. By this time, her father had died. It had been his fond desire to see his daughter as a graduate. His death removed from the home the only earning member. He had been getting a fairly handsome salary, which had kept the family in comfortable circumstances. Poor Lakshmi was now in a fix. But Providence was very kind to her. The few acres of land in the neighbouring district belonging to her father became now of much use. Their value was wonderfully increased four times, by sudden agricultural developments in that particular taluk. So, she now thought that this was the finest opportunity for making hay while the sun was shining. Accordingly, the lands were sold and they fetched a good, round sum, which enabled her to continue her medical studies.

Lakshmi entertained some high and noble ideals to be of real service to the unfortunate women, who suffer so much for want of proper medical aid. So, after good and hard work for a long period of five years, she passed her degree examination. Her success, though not of an extraordinary class, yet easily secured her a high position as a well-paid medical officer in charge of a women's hospital.

Now, there was a big problem for her as well as for her mother, and that was her marriage. Being very highly-educated she naturally desired to have a well-educated husband, holding a good position in life. To get such a person in her community was just like finding cultivable land in an extensive desert like the Sahara. The problem naturally gave a good deal of anxiety to her old mother, and after a year the latter died of heart-disease. So, Dr. Lakshmi thought the best thing would be to wait, and accordingly she waited, hoping that patience would be rewarded. Is it not a well-known fact that marriages are arranged by destiny?

It so chanced that in a neighbouring family there was a Doctor by name, Dr. Narayanaswamy, B. A., M. B. B. S. But he was of a higher caste than herself. He was a successful medical practitioner of that small town. He was a dark, tall, wide-shouldered and rough-featured man. In Dr. Lakshmi's eyes, he looked most handsome, though an impartial observer would have put him down as only tolerably good-looking. His business had made him popular in that small town. He was a widower, having lost recently his wife. He had no children. And he belonged to a respectable family, noted for ability to earn well and also to spend well for charitable purposes. Lakshmi became a friend of the family, through the agency of her friend, Mrs. Padmanabhan, who regarded her as a heaven-born being, because, though an M. B. B. S. and drawing a high salary, she was simple and unassuming. She was of much use to the doctor, whenever there was necessity for a lady doctor, to attend to a lady patient. His friendship was a financial advantage to her; moreover, Dr. Narayanaswamy recognised her sincerity in desiring to improve her knowledge in the profession, though she was by nature not very quick in grasping things. In fact, both the doctors were gainers. The friendship between them gradually ripened to the extent that they wished for marriage. But there was some slight trouble, in that he belonged to a different community, which meant much sacrifice for both the parties. However after considering carefully for a few months, they thought it wise to marry, in spite of the displeasure of near and distant relatives.

A year after the marriage, they went to England to try for additional qualifications, and on their return they commanded more income in private practice.

Now their style of living was increased in expense. Their relatives saw how happy and prosperous they were, and wished such good fortune could attend their own beloved daughters. When they saw the happy couple's beautiful and comfortable bungalow, with its well-kept garden, in one of the finest localities of the town, their fine motor car, artistic pictures, elegant furniture, rich bank account and influential friends, they viewed the question in this manner among themselves: "All these comforts and even luxuries are due to education and we should make up our minds to give education to our daughters, so that they may be living in such a high style." Some, however, with a superstitious turn of mind, thought: "It is all their good fortune that they are blessed with such comforts and luxuries. How many educated people, there are, who yet live from hand-to-mouth?"

Lakshmi and her husband enjoyed life happily for four years, but at the commencement of the fifth year, Dr. Lakshmi was attacked by a malignant fever, which reduced her to such a condition, that she began to doubt whether she would ever survive and fulfil her long-cherished aspiration to be of use to her fellow-women. However, by the grace of God, and through the medical aid rendered by her clever husband, she recovered.

She then got on splendidly in every way, and in six years she had saved enough to build an up-to-date nursing home for doing some service to the poor. It was also useful to the rich, because medical help was rendered at a fairly cheap cost and that too in a mofussil town. Though she had tempting offers of a higher salary, yet Lakshmi stuck to the same old town, where she had begun her life. Such a noble sacrifice on her part was much liked by the people near and around the town, and they, in appreciation of her good service, presented her with a number of gifts, whenever she rendered professional service to their families. So, in such a fine manner she conducted her business. Its result was that her practice was greatly increased, and at last her long-felt ideal was fulfilled. She won a name for philanthrophy, by which many were benefited, and everyone held the opinion that if there were many doctors of that noble type, surely the country would be healthy and happy.

One small incident which took place at her beautiful residence must be mentioned. She was sitting in her drawing-room one fine afternoon, reading a newspaper. Just at that time somebody gently tapped at the door, and Dr. Lakshmi opened it and recognised in her visitor a familiar figure, viz., a rich banker, belonging to the class of modern Shylocks, who are found wherever unfortunate and illiterate people reside. He was the man, who lent money at a high rate of interest to her maternal uncle, who was always in need of money in spite of a decent income, because

he was in the evil habit of drinking too much. The banker's dress was neither neat nor tasteful. His very appearance was rather repulsive to any decent person. But he accosted her in his usual polite manner and said: "Madam, my wife is suffering from a severe cough and every night she gets fever." Dr. Lakshmi offered him a seat and the man took it in the manner of a subordinate official before his superior officer. "She gets fever every night! For how long has it been like that?" asked Dr. Lakshmi.

"For the last week, madam."

The doctor undertook the case and examined the woman very carefully and diagnosed the illness as tuberculosis in a very early stage. She was sure of a big fee from that fat-pursed banker, who had grown enormously rich at the expense of the poor. She went on treating the case carefully for a month or so, after which the patient showed very good signs of improvement. Then, the banker came with two hundred rupees, along with betel leaves and nuts, fruits etc. He wondered whether the amount that he was paying was too small for the visiting charges of a lady-doctor of Lakshmi's status. But she, being a very charitable lady by disposition, accepted only a hundred-rupee note and returned the other saying: "This is enough for me and with the rest, you may do what you like."

And then she began to talk on the question of lending money, and said: "Sir, don't you think that lending money at an abnormal rate of interest to the poor is very bad? You know that doing so is not good, even from a business point of view. After all, almost all those, who earn money in that fashion are not really so happy as a road-repairing cooly, who earns a few annas a day."

The banker was rather stunned, and wondered that there could be a noble lady of such a high type.

Of course, the doctor's advice or sermon, whatever you may call it, had some effect on the banker. From that day, he showed some concessions to the poor and the illiterate, as regards the rate of interest. And from then he began to say to all his friends that Dr. Lakshmi was as good as gold.

N. VENKATAPATHI.

OUR POETRY PAGES

(1) MUSIC.

Oh music, heavenly spirit,
Too pure, too ethereal to stay
Till the enraptured ear and dreaming soul,

Have caught a few notes,
Of the ravishing symphonies of the skies,
The voices of the rolling spheres,
The strains of beings celestial,
Vouchsafed to us but a moment,
And then to melt away.

While the sweet, faint echoes last
What thrills and resplendent tints!
And by magical atoms raised
The fabric of a rosy vision,
Charming and soothing the senses
To half-unconscious ecstacy !

The poet has heard it ;
His inmost soul has drunk deep,
And he strikes the trembling chords.
A thousand melodies travel on
The waves of the stirring air :
The song of peace, the song of war
The songs of human loves and hates,
The lyre of beauty and sublimity ;
And soaring aloft above all earthly themes
The glorious anthem of the works of God.

To endless times he sings, whereof the strains
From heavenly music caught, eternally
Vibrate his harp, and in his breast repose,
Enkindling thence, the world.

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) SONG OF THE MAY FLY.

Life has no boon like this,
A morning birth of bliss,
To drift on careless wing,
To dream, to laugh, and sing !
To greet the dancing hours,
To share the joy of flowers,
To view with airy grace
The meadow's cool sweet face.

An afternoon of glee
Beneath a friendly tree,
Where the sun benignly dreams
And a world, beneath her, dreams ;

My pleasure knows no bounds
  Life wakes in scenes and sounds,
But the sun and I at noon
  Fall asleep too soon!

LELAND J. BERRY.

(3) TO A CHILD DANCING.

"A little child, a limber elf,
Dancing, singing to itself."......S. T. C.

Dance on, who knows thy soft feet's patter
May make the Music of the Spheres!
That ceasing, this poor Earth may shatter
To pieces, the Heavens dissolve in tears!

T. B. KRISHNASWAMI.

OUR SERIAL STORY

GAURI'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER IX

"HULLO, Gauri, having a good time? How are you getting on? I am so sorry I'm so late," so said Arjuna, as he made his way to Gauri, where she stood on the lawn superintending the activities of the Infant Welfare. She made a gracious figure, as she stood there, slim and regal in a gold-bordered purple silk sari, out of the folds of which her fair face with its crown of dusky hair rose like a tropical flower. Arjuna looked at her with admiration, and said with a smile, "How nice you look, Gauri! I have never thanked you for changing your dress to please me." She looked pleased, but pretended to be surprised. "How do you know it was to please you?" she asked. "Never mind, my dear, you look very pretty; not that you did not look pretty before, you know. You look nice in anything, eh Gauri?"

She looked still more pleased, but blushed with shyness. Arjuna understood her, and drew off her attention from herself. "Is everything going on well here?" he asked. "Where is Mallika?" for that girl had come to spend the Michaelmas holidays with them.

"She is in charge of the *bran-pie* in that tent", replied Gauri with a smile. "Don't you hear the noise she is making?"

"I hope," he laughed, "she is not shocking people too much."

"Let her shock them. It will do them good."

"Quite so. But you look tired, Gauri. Can you forsake your duties for a while and walk about with me?"

"What about everybody?", she asked doubtfully; "and I am President."

"You take your duties too seriously, child. Come, let us walk right to the end of the lawn and back. They can do very well without you. Besides, where is your secretary, the clever Sita? Ah, there she is. She does seem capable, you know, quite unlike the ordinary Hindu girl."

They wandered away; but before long Mrs. Sitaram bore down upon them.

"My dear," she said, "you have been talking too much to your husband. I saw you from a distance, and I wanted to tell you; but could not get at you through the crowd. Were you quarrelling?"

"No, no," said Gauri laughing. "But, there is Mrs. Morley coming."

"Is she? I must go and meet her. I know her very well, and she will think it strange if I do not talk to her. Come along, Gauri. We must not leave her to walk about alone here."

"Why not, Auntie? You meet her if you like, and I shall see to these people here."

"Indeed? The Collector's wife, compared to a lot of worthless creatures! What is the modern generation coming to?"

She waddled off to her honoured guest; but there a snub awaited her. Mrs. Morley plainly let her see that she was not the President of the show. She was looking for young Mrs. Narayana Rao, she said. "Where was she? such a sweet, charming girl, Mrs. Sitaram! I just came to shake her hand, and then I must be off."

"She is my niece, you know," the old lady remarked.

"Your nephew's wife? I know, I know. Oh dear, dear, it is getting late. Can you get her for me?"

The aunt went off in a great temper. She was angry with her niece. Who was that creature to put on airs and take the honours of the field, while she, the best Indian Christian in the town, was neglected. And was she to carry messages to that chit? Not she, indeed! So she lost herself in the crowd, and sent some one else to take Mrs. Morley's message to Gauri, while she fussed and fretted over herself, and patronised lesser people. Suddenly, her face brightened. Her old crony Mrs. Dayaram, was bearing down upon her, not a bad creature, a little presuming perhaps, but an interesting woman, for she was the greatest gossip of the town. Mrs. Sitaram smacked her lips over anticipated bits of scandal. "I have been looking for you everywhere," said the gossip.

"Dear Mrs. Sitaram, how well you are looking. I have heard a strange bit of gossip. My nephew wrote about it to me. I hardly

like to tell it to you, for it is about your niece. Let us sit down somewhere out of the crowd."

They wandered off, Mrs. Sitaram gloating, yet anxious.

It was growing dark by that time. The pleasant yet short twilight was being made cheap by two or three glaring gas-lamps, which reared their ugly heads here and there. Suddenly, the outside light faded, and as if to make up for it, sudden pin-points of flame started up on the lawn, which seemed to have been purposely kept dark. The banging of a tin-pot called people to attention there. The crowd hurried forward.

"Wont' you stay a little longer, Mrs. Morley," asked Gauri. "We are going to have the torch-light display."

"My dear, I have stayed too long as it is," wailed that lady. "I have an important appointment to keep, and I told Mrs. Sitaram I must hurry away. But how pretty those lights are!

The torches had now lighted up, and held by almost unseen figures, went through a pretty display of complicated patterns, to the music of the band. Then they died out, and here and there crackers began to go off.

"I must go, Gauri, I really must."

"Won't you see the fire-works?"

"No, dear. Can you get some one to take me to my car? Oh Mrs. Sitaram, is that you? Yes, I have been staying on. Our young friend persuaded me and I have been so interested. She has managed well, hasn't she?"

"I am very glad you like the show, Mrs. Morley," said the old lady stiffly.

"Ah, there she is coming back with her husband. What a fine couple they make! Will you take me to my car, Mr. Narayan Rao? Thank you, goodbye, goodbye. I have really enjoyed myself."

Left alone, Gauri turned to talk to Mrs. James, an old Indian Christian friend of hers.

"I am so glad to find you at last, Mrs. Narayan Rao," said Mrs. James, with an effort to put on an English accent, which after a minute she suddenly gave up. "My dear, let me congratulate you heartily. You have managed well. We want people like you to work for us. Won't you come on the committee of the Natural Evangelistic Society? You have heard of it, have you not? We are doing a lot of good work, medical, educational, missionary. We want young people on our committee. Don't you think so, Mrs. Sitaram?"

"Yes, yes," said that lady. "But, at the same time, young people must be kept in place by experienced heads. Young people are apt to get above themselves, wag their tails too fast, intrude

where they are not wanted, run after Europeans too much- -"; as she choked and paused to re-gather breath, Gauri laughed softly, and turned to Mrs. James again.

"Yes, thank you so much, Mrs. James. If you want me, I shall surely join you."

"And you must come often to our Tamil church. Mr. Narayan Rao, your husband, comes. I know you are Telugu, but surely you must learn your husband's language."

"I am taking lessons," said Gauri eagerly.

"That's right, my child," said the old lady heartily, slapping her on the back. "God will reward you for all your efforts. You will come sometimes to our services, will you not?"

"I will, I will. By the way, Mrs. James, let me introduce you to our secretary, Miss Sita."

Mrs. James froze at once. "A Hindu secretary? Are you sure? —Well, well, how do you do, Miss Sita? I am sure you can learn a lot of things from our President here."

"I am sure I can," said Sita pleasantly.

"And, I am sure I can learn a good deal from her," rejoined Gauri laughingly.

"I wonder! But it is getting late, and there is my husband calling me. What a hurry these men are in, to be sure! Goodbye then. You must come and have dinner with us one day."

She departed, and Mrs. Sitaram stepped forward rather grimly.

"Now, my child, I wish to talk with you," she said.

"One minute, aunty. My brother wants me. Yes, Sankar, what is it?

He brought a tall thin woman to her.

"This is Mrs. Williams, Gauri. She has just come to this town and she is very lonely. She says she has called on you."

"Yes, she has. Thank you so much, Mrs. Williams. I shall come very soon to see you."

"I hope you will bring your husband too. I wish to consult him on some special business."

"Did you know him before?" asked that imperious lady.

"N—No, but I have heard of him." This was spoken very innocently, but somehow there seemed to be a feeling of intrigue in the air. Gauri especially felt it, and to relieve it she said rather aimlessly, "I am sure you will make many friends here."

"And I need them," answered Mrs. Williams in her rather shrill voice. "I have been having so many troubles. I am a woman of many sorrows, you know."

"She has just lost her husband."

"I am so sorry, Mrs. Williams."

"Thank you. Sympathy is so valuable in grief."

Gauri stood by, watching the fireworks, her hand on her brother Sankar's arm.. She was tired, but she was glad to have him there. He looked so tall and handsome and refined, and she felt very proud of him. In the light of a bright conflagration, she turned to look up at him; and was surprised to see his expressive eyes fixed ardently on Mrs. Williams. She turned to look at that lady, for she had not seen much of her in the poor light before.

The light flared up again, and Gauri saw a fair, rather haggard face, with sparkling eyes, which were fixed pleadingiy on Mrs. Sitaram. Suddenly, they turned to Sankar, and they were full of a saucy sparkle, while the face rounded prettily in a smile. Then, Mrs. Williams caught her eye, and became again her pathetic, pleading self.

"It's getting late," she murmured, with a world of seeming regret in her sad tones. "I must go home. My boy will be waiting for me. I sent him away a little while ago. I am very strict with him, early hours and so on."

"I am so glad you are strict, Mrs. Williams. So many of our friends spoil their children with irregular habits."

"Surely he could have stayed to see the fireworks," protested Gauri. "It is only 8 o'clock".

"Yes, but he has his dinner at seven-thirty, and goes to bed at eight-thirty. It is good to be strict, you know, Mrs. Narayana Rao, and, after all, each mother understands her own child, does she not? You will understand, when you have children yourself. Come along Mr. Sreenivasan, let us find my carriage. Good-bye, Mrs. Sitaram."

She made a very composed exit, leaving Gauri blushing. Her aunt bore down upon her, and suddenly the girl felt alarmed. She looked round. They were by themselves.

"That's a charming young woman," said Mrs. Sitaram satisfiedly. "I wish there were more like her, so humble, yet so independent, so wise, yet anxious for the advice of older people. Now, Gauri, I must speak to you."

"Yes, aunt," said the girl.

"In the first place, I must tell you that your sister is too free and easy in her manners with men. She must mend her ways. In the second place, I must ask you a nasty question, my dear. I know that you were married before. But, is it true that your first husband is alive? I understood he was dead."

"Who—who told you ?"

"It was from Mrs. Dayaram I heard it. She had heard it from a friend, and that friend from another. I assure you it will be all over the town soon."

Gauri stood silent, and the irascible old lady went on:

"It's due to that foolish old mother of his. She called herself large-hearted and unconventional; but see what she has done now, landed my nephew in a nice mess. Your father was a clever man you know ; he wanted to feather his own nest, and get a good, rich, influential son-in-law. I hear, he left his own place, and came over to the Tamil country to hide this story. And here he found a welcome help in my foolish sister-in-law."

"Oh—oh" moaned Gauri turning aside and feeling as if all the strength had gone out of her. But she found an unexpected support. A strong arm went round her shoulders, and drew her close. She looked up startled and found her husband by her. Thankfully, she accepted his support, and hid her grief on his stalwart shoulder.

"What are you saying, Aunty ?" asked Arjuna in a dangerous voice.

"I was talking to her about her disgraceful story, Arjuna. How dared she marry you, with such a past behind her."

"That was no fault of hers, Aunty, She was not to blame, neither was her father."

"Wasn't he ? He was so ready to marry off his daughter well. I hear that man Prakash was a Brahmin convert and a graduate. No wonder the old man jumped at him."

Arjuna squeezed his wife's hand reassuringly. "He thought Prakash was a good man," he said. "It was not his fault, if it all went different to what was expected."

"And now everything is wrong. They have spoilt your life."

"Certainly not", he replied, glancing humorously at his wife. "After all, there has been done nothing wrong. No sin has been committed. What if he is still alive?" "Prakash's wife is really dead, I hear. And he is coming here soon. They say he is still after Gauri. What will everyone say ?"

"Why, nothing," said Arjuna, patting his wife's quivering shoulder. If they want to say anything, let them. We don't care."

"Indeed. And what about us ? You are my nephew, and what affects you, affects us."

"It need not, Aunty, You can disown us, you know."

"What is the use of talking so foolishly, Arjuna ? You are my sister's son, and we like you and wish you well. But are you sure Gauri is your wife".

"What do you mean?

"Suppose Prakash is really her husband? Suppose his first wife was dead, when he married her,"

"Don't talk such nonsense, Aunt, All that was settled long ago. Prakash married Gauri when his wife was alive. Now that she is dead, he has no control at all over Gauri. I have my wife, and I shall hold her; aye, against her own will, may be", he muttered fiercely in an undertone. Gauri heared him and was thrilled. He felt her shiver, and for a second he drew her closer. Then, he put her away, for he mistook her agitation for the sorrow of regret. "Are you better now, Gauri?" he asked coldly. "Shall we go home? Where is Mallika?"

Chapter X

Gauri was a prey to mixed feelings, as she went home with her husband and Mallika. She was silent, while they both talked. Then slowly, a sort of peace came to her, which was perhaps a reaction from the languor and weariness resulting from her late strenuous exertions. Gradually, in spite of all her doubts, a feeling of happiness and security possessed her. Her husband had stood up for her; he had defended her; he seemed to be fond of her. Her heart expanded. Oh! the world was not bad after all.

She stole a glance at Arjuna, as he leant back impassively in his seat. What a fine profile he had! What scores of friends he possessed, and what a man of influence he seemed to be! And, he was her man. She was proud of him.

A long sigh escaped her. Soft as it was, it caught his ear, and he turned towards her, stretching out his hand for hers.

"Tired, Gauri?" he queried. Under cover of the darkness, his hand found hers, which was only too ready to be found, and hand-in-hand, they drove home.

In the middle of the night, Gauri woke up, and found herself sleepless. One thought had suddenly struck her, and now possessed her above all others, with the exaggeration night alone can produce. Mrs. Sitaram had said that Prakash was coming to their town. How could she recognise him, if he did come? She did not know what sort of a face he had. She had only a recollection of his voice, and that too evidently untrustworthy, for had she not mistaken Mathuram's voice for his?

She remembered what she had told Mallika. There was a photo of him in her mother's papers. Why not go and look for it? And she had better do it now at once; else, if she stopped to think, she would again be reluctant to wake up the dear old memories.

She tip-toed to her dressing room, lighted a candle, took her bunch of keys, and sat down before her mother's box. But, before she opened it, she had to overcome the pangs of sorrow that tore at her heart, the lumps that would rise to her throat, the tears that would come to her eyes, the yearning sobs that would shake her, when she thought of her dear, lost mother. Presently with blurred eyes, and a catch in her breath, she turned the key and lifted the lid. She took out her mother's papers, which lay under some *sarees*; in so doing she touched the pathetic little box, in which her mother had always kept her glasses. Again, sobs shook her. Oh—oh— ! but she must be careful, or she would wake up Arjuna.

She untied the packet, in which she herself had tied up all the papers from the private drawer of her mother's writing-table, without looking at anything. Now, the few pathetic articles lay before her, and again she had to contend against a host of recollections.

Ah ! there was a picture, wrapped up in paper. She opened the packet, held the picture firmly, and, bending down to the candle, blew up the tissue paper.

Then an uncontrollable cry escaped her, and she dropped the picture as if it was poison. It was—it was he. She had been right; her first dread, her first premonition of evil, had been correct. Prakash was none other than Mathuram, the man who pretended to be fond of Mallika, Mallika, her own little sister !

What was she to do ?

He had come for her again ; he had been as good as his word that he would dare even Hell for her sake. He had waited for her like a spider ; he had spread his net for her, and she was in its toils. And, not only she, but her dear husband also, whom she would die to save, and her little sister, who had been left in her charge by their dead mother.

What was she to do ?

She leant against the wall, and closed her eyes. Then a thought rose to the surface. Why not tell everything to her husband and ask for his advice ? She hated to keep a secret from him. Besides, he liked to help her, and he would help her. What could Prakash do to her after all ? He had really no hold on her. He could not claim her.

She got up and looked into the bedroom. But Arjuna was still fast asleep, and she had not the heart to wake him. Then, another thought struck her. Why not, meanwhile, tell the whole thing to Mallika, and make her break off the engagement ? The task would be a hard one, for she knew how obstinate her sister was. But, it must be done. So, she stepped into the front

verandah, went round the side and then from the back into Mallika's room. Her sister was half awake; and, sitting down by her, Gauri woke her up fully. When she was quite awake, she whispered to her what she had found out about Prakash.

Mallika looked at her with a hard face.

"You may say what you like," she averred. "He may be Prakash,. the man whom you first married; but he is the man I am engaged to. Thank goodness, his marriage with you was proved false. He can be mine now, without any obstacle."

"What if his wife is still alive?"

Mallika was taken aback.

"Nonsense" she said, "That cannot be. She must be dead. He would not dare otherwise to be engaged to me. He is a good man, I tell you."

"Mallika, you are mistaken. And you do not know how wicked he can be. He said he would dare anything to get me. I tell you, he has engaged himself to you, on account of me. He wishes to get hold of me,"

"Nonsense," said Mallika, with sturdy common-sense. "I am sure he has forgotten all about you. He loves me now, and me only."

"But, he loved me once."

"Can't people change their minds? Did you not change yours, and marry Arjuna? Why should not Prakash change his mind and love me?"

Gauri admired her sister's trusting love, and was touched by her sincerity; but she still had her doubts, and Mallika divined them.

"Gauri", she said with asperity, "I cannot understand why you should think he is running after you still. I would advise you not to imagine that every man is in love with you. I didn't think you were that sort, Gauri."

"You know I am not, Mallika; and there is no use of your pretending that I am."

"Don't be cross with me, sister. You have struck me through my lover, and I must retaliate. Does not the lioness defend her young?"

"Go on defending him then. But I must tell it all to Arjuna," and Gauri rose from the bed.

"What are you going to do?" cried the younger girl, jumping out after her.

"Tell the whole thing to Arjuna, and ask his advice."

"If you do that, Arjuna will be very rude to Prakash and forbid him to come here and he will go away and leave me for ever. Oh, Gauri, I did not think you could be so cruel," sobbed Mallika.

"What do you want me to do then?"

"And you promised mother on her death-bed to look after me. And now, Prakash will go away and leave me for ever."

"What can I do, child?"

"Keep the secret for awhile. Look here, if you insist on telling Arjuna now, I don't know what I shall do. I shall kill myself, or, or—run away with Prakash. I shall do something drastic,"

"What can I do, Mallika?" quavered Gauri, trying to soothe the distraught girl.

"Be silent for awhile about this affair, and let me manage it."

"I hate keeping secrets from Arjuna. And he hates deceit of any kind."

"But, only for a while, sister. I know I shall let you tell it after a while."

"Only for a while then."

"I shall write to Prakash, and ask his explanation. Or, better still you write to him as my guardian. Will you, dearest sister, for mother's sake?"

"Do you love him so much?"

"I do, I do. And I shall die, if anything comes between us."

"Well, well, let me think."

"And you won't tell Arjuna for a while?"

"Very well," asserted Gauri impatiently. "And now that you have had your will, you selfish girl, you had better get back to bed again. There, that will do."

Putting away Mallika, who hung convulsively round her neck, Gauri stole back to her own verandah, and then into the dressing-room. Taking up the photograph, she tore it into small bits, which she threw into a corner. Then, she sat down, and forced herself to think. How she hated all this subterfuge! She had had enough of it, and had hoped to have done with it for ever by telling her husband everything. And now, she must keep this secret.

In spite of herself, another thought came into her head. What would her husband say about her behaviour with regard to Mallika's engagement? First, she had hidden that letter from

him, which told originally of Mallika's acquaintance with Mathuram. Oh, that letter—that letter—Gauri muttered to herself. How her action about it—the first secret thing she had done—came back again and again to hurt her. "Your sins shall find you out" said the girl bitterly to herself. And then, she had been so precipitate with regard to Mallika's engagement, in spite of Arjuna's reluctance to sanction it. Moreover, the whole affair appeared so secretly made. What would Arjuna think? Probably that she had engineered the whole thing on purpose, for what? To keep Prakash near her, or because she was sorry for him, or—or--, But here, Gauri's thoughts refused to go further.

But even now, as Gauri's heart told her, all would go right if she confessed everything to Arjuna. He was a noble-minded man. Oh, why had she given that iditotic promise to Mallika? But, she had given it.

What could she do about Prakash now and Mallika? She had promised to write to him as Mallika's guardian. She must do everything herself. She must get into communication with Prakash, without the knowledge of her husband, ask him his intentions with regard to Mallika, enquire if his wife was really dead; and, if he meant nothing serious, make him see the error of his ways, and break off the engagement quietly. If he refused to do so, she would have to make everything public. And oh, the shame of it! Already, people were thinking badly of her. What else would happen?

Oh, she must beg him on her knees if need be. But, how she hated him!

She felt stifled in the small hot room, and without waiting to shut her mother's box, went outside on to the terrace, pausing to wrap a scarf round her, and noticing that her husband was still fast asleep. It was a lovely night, and overhead, the radiant moon sailed triumphantly through a mass of fleecy clouds, which, instead of resenting her autocratic treatment, seemed to like her all the more for it. They all scurried behind her like frisky goats, borrowing some of her brightness and trying to flatter her by imitation. Gauri loved the artless things. How peaceful she could be among them, she thought, so light-hearted and happy, a spirit among spirits.

Thoughts like these passed aimlessly through Gaurt's brain, and she stood with her face upturned to the sky, looking with her ivory colour, and her tall thin form swathed closely in white draperies, not unlike a disembodied spirit herself. Presently, she wandered to the very edge of the terrace, where there was a low parapet. As she looked down into the garden far below her, naughty thoughts began to come into her head. How easy it would be to fall down there and die, she said to herself. It would end all her troubles. Nothing to worry about, then.

But Gauri was too young to harbour such thoughts long. As she looked round her, and inhaled the fragrance of the scented night, and saw the muffled beauty of the earth, and felt the cool breezes blow on her hot face, the world seemed very good to her still. While there was life, there was hope; and after all, what was there to be so worried about? Besides, if she died, who would save her sister from the evil man's clutches? If the worst came to the worst, she would throw herself on her husband's mercy. He might dislike her deception, but he would not surely be unkind to her, or think evil of her.

She rose on tip toe and with outflung arms stretched herself wearily. Oh! she was tired, she would go back to bed. But, as she came to a normal position, her feet stumbled, and she fell against the parapet. The next minute, she would have been over, if something had not held her up. The shock of the new encounter did as much to unnerve her, as the shock of the thought that she had nearly died.

It was Arjuna, who had held her up, Arjuna with towsled hair and terrified eyes. Gauri turned fully to him, and burying her head on his breast burst into over-wrought sobs.

"What—what—were you trying to do, little woman?" Arjuna stammered in real anger, then recollecting himself and seeing her emotion, he forced a laugh and gathered her close to him.

"It was an accident, wasn't it? You were not trying to fall over?"

Gauri violently shook her head.

"What would I do without you, if you did? And who would want to die on such a night as this? Not we, surely, with life and love before us. But, what made you wander about like a ghost, and such a pale ghost too."

"I could not sleep."

"The spirit of the night possessed you, eh. What does Shelley say?

'As when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams,
And heaven is overflowed'."

"It is a beautiful night, isn't it, darling? But, oh dear, how sleepy I am. Come back to bed."

As they entered their bed-room, the flickering light of the candle in the dressing-room caught his eye. He left her, and went in to put it out.

"You have left a candle burning here, Gauri. How very careless of you, child. And your box is all open. What have you

been doing? packing or unpacking? and all at night, when I have been sound asleep."

"It—it—is mother's box, Arjuna. Please put away all the things. But wait—wait", as she thought of the torn-up picture. "I shall come and do it myself."

"You go to bed, child. You are tired with all your exertions today, or really yesterday. There, there, it is nearly done. By the way, what are all these bits of card-board? Why, you seem to have torn up a picture, Gauri. Whose was it? Who has incurred your ladyship's displeasure? Here is a white paper lying about. It seems to have been wrapped round the picture. Why—why—Gauri!"

She trembled, and leant against the door. He came out to her, his frame stiff, and his face pale with anger.

"Gauri," he said "the paper has got the name of 'Prakash' on it. My dear, have you been weeping over--over—your first husband? No wonder you looked so pale and distraught. Perhaps, you were really trying to throw yourself over. Tired of life with me, eh?"

"No, no," she cried, holding out appealing hands to him. After a minute of hesitation, he took them in his.

"Really tell me, Gauri, are you very unhappy with me? You do not want to go back to him, do you?"

"No"

"By God," he said, "if ever I see that man, won't I break every bone in his body? How I hate him! But now," he bent over her, "I have you, and I shall hold you, in the face of all the Prakashes in the world. Let him dare to take you away from me."

Then, another thought flashed into his mind, and he gave utterance to it.

"But how am I to know him, when I see him?" he asked, "You have torn up his face. Have you any more pictures of him? No; what can we do then? Will you let me know when you see him?"

She did not answer, and he became suspicious. "Are you afraid of him, Gauri? You will let me know when he comes, won't you".

Still she did not know what to say. He began to growl; then an inspiration came to her.

"I was blind then, you know, Arjuna".

"Of course, you were, you poor child. But you have seen his picture after that."

"Only today."

"Really? Then you can tell me."

"But he might have changed."

"So he might. But I am sure you can recognise him all right. And wait. May I say one thing?

Now, we know each other's thoughts and have nothing to hide from each other. You won't hide anything again from me, will you, as you did that letter of Mallika's? Of course, I don't want to read your letters, but any vital secret, any big thing do not keep from me, child, if you really love me, unless of course it is another person's affair. I hate deception. But, excuse me for talking like a prig, dear. I know you will never deceive me, and I know you agree with me about this matter. Don't you?"

What could she do but nod her head speechlessly, even while her conscience throbbed, "Tell him, tell him;" and her brain hammered "No, no, you have promised Mallika. You must wait." But all the beauty had gone out of the night and most of the savour out of life, for she now for the first time fully realised the deception she was practising on her husband. She was hiding so much from him. She had not thought much of that aspect of the case before; the sin of the deception itself. She had thought of what he would think when he knew everything, but not that it was wrong of her to hide such a secret and pretend that there was no secret. Yet what else could she do? She could not tell him the secret now. She must not let him suspect anything of the real state of affairs. If he did, he would hate her, and turn back to Pushpam.

But, oh! God in Heaven! how was she to set about the matter, she, a mere weak woman, whom anyone could deceive and browbeat? But here she recoiled from herself. What business had she to pity herself, she. who was ready to deceive a trusting man, she, who was, in fact, learning fast the base art of deceiving? What an apt pupil she was proving under the Master of Deception! What need then to pity herself? But, she must go on with it, for the sake of other people, if not for her own sake.

(To be continued.)

K. S.

FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

(1) MEN AND WOMEN:

IT was a very peculiar situation, which arose in London, when the service of men-stewards at a woman's conference was called in question. It happened that an uproar arose among the women

in the gallery, regarding unemployed women ; and the disturbers had finally to be pushed out by men. When asked why men should be used, the President, herself a woman, replied : "Men were employed, because they can do the job, and do it with less injury to women, than there will be with a hand-to-hand fight among women themselves."

It seems to me that this is a perfectly correct view. It is no good to clamour for absolute equality between man and woman. One must recognise that there is an absolute discrepancy between the two sexes in physical efficiency at least, and in the results of the working-out of such an efficiency. Therefore, it is not every kind of work that a woman can share in with impunity. Where strength and physical endurance are concerned, she must draw the line at claiming absolute equality.

I draw the attention of my readers to an article in this issue about the separate realms of man and woman. The writer of it justly comes to the conclusion that there is no reason to draw a hard and fast line between the two. Both sexes have to participate in all fields ; only they have to treat life and affect it in different ways and through different qualities. The vast region of life has to be levelled down, till a kind of uniformity is attained between the two sexes. And this uniformity, obtained by inter-action, is a comradeship, not an antagonism ; and it alone can be the true equality now so ardently desired.

The pity of it is, at present at least, that, where a woman hedges in one direction even, she has to admit a certain weakness, which then is seized upon by the opposite sex and worked to death in the refusal of equality. Therefore, a woman, for the sake of self-defence, has to be unnecessarily rigorous in her claims.

In theory, at least, it should be admitted that, as the Indian Councils of women have laid down in their *memorandum*, there should be "a recognition of women's equal citizenship in all matters relating to franchise, representation, or employment". This has indeed been admitted in the declaration of the fundamental rights of citizenship in India.

At present, the women of India are much worried by the question of franchise for women. This is a very important point and deserves immediate consideration, especially before the new constitution has been settled. Here at least absolute equality can be admitted. But, since the right to vote is based now upon *property-holding*, and since very few women hold property in their own name, it is obvious that there can be no true equality between men and women. In the present system, not only are women likely to suffer ; but, as the Memorandum of the Councils of women lays down, the very principle is wrong, viz., "that the elementary

rights of women as human beings should be based on an extraneous factor like marriage." This certainly should not be so.

Again, the *literary* test, as well as an *age-limit* test will also place women at a great disadvantage, and be "fundamentally inconsistent with the Declaration of rights."

Therefore, it is obvious that, as stated in the Memorandum, the best remedy is: "the immediate, unqualified and unconditional adoption of the principle of *Adult franchise,* as the best and most acceptable mode of assuring and securing political equality between the men and women of this country. Every man and woman of the age of 21 should be entitled to vote and to offer himself or herself as a candidate at any election to an Administrative or Legislative institution."

An important point in this matter is that the women of India do not wish to seek for any favoured treatment. In this connection, objection was taken to the mention of "protection" in the case of women-workers. As one of the latter wrote:

"......women......object to Gandhiji's desire to put 'protection of women workers' and 'maternity periods' in the new constitution. It puts an atmosphere of weakness round women, that is the reverse of the Indian idea of her as *Shakti*; it is not what woman wants—she wants a fair field, not protection: she wants conditions to be fairly paid by *work,* not by sex—and 'working women' are not to be defined only as those in factories. Of course, we want women not to be exploited, but only as we want no *workers* to be exploited. The maternity benefits we will work for as a Law, but not in the constitution, in a country predominatingly agricultural."

But, when women do not ask for special privileges, it is important that they should place themselves in such a position that they do not need such special privileges. Therefore, they should see that they get themselves as well educated as the men. At present, the number of educated and literate men is far greater than that of the women. Therefore, is it not right that men should receive more votes than women? The women therefore, should try to get rid of this disqualification. They should concentrate on education among themselves, and they should try to get this education reaching down to the lowest strata. They should show equality of efficiency, when they claim equality of citizenship. They should also remember the Indian tradition of womanhood, and be slow in trying to acquire 'manliness'.

The individual rights of women are being recognised everywhere, especially in the acquisition of separate property.

The Council of the League of Nations, in their 11th Assembly have asked for two representatives from each international women's organizations, to constitute a committee for submitting proposals about equal national rights for women with men.

The very Memorandum we have been quoting, drawn up by the National Council of women in India, by the All-India Women's Conference, and by the Women's Indian Association, is another proof of the urgent needs of women being recognised.

Mysore is going ahead very fast, and so is Travancore. Women everywhere are clamouring for rights. We wish therefore our representatives every success in their valiant endeavours to secure equality.

(2) MARRIAGE

I was struck by the outspoken view expressed recently by the Bishop of Salisbury regarding marriage. He deprecated strongly the evergrowing demands for divorce and the trend towards the relaxation of the marriage tie, caused chiefly by the modern secular view that it was a compact entered into with certain safe-guards, if children were desired ; but with an understanding that it was not necessarily a life-long contract. "The Bishop strongly urged that the Christian church should bless only the Unions of such couples as believed in life long obligation. There should be a universal rule also, he said, that no marriage should be celebrated in the church of a person, whose partner in marriage was still living.

This pre-supposes that marriage should be made as happy as possible.

But the art of mastering marriage is not an easy one. A. K. Chesterton has laid it down that it can be achieved only by a "give and take" between the two ; but he also points out that the chief responsibility lies upon the husband.

"The husband must give to his wife all that is best, and noblest and most generous in his nature ; he must give her all the loving solicitude, all the courtesy, all the loyalty, all the patience, all the tact, and all the understanding of which she in her turn may be capable. You may object that it would be patently unfair if one partner alone were to submit to a discipline imposed by these ideals and again I agree. But I do firmly believe that, if the partner who is shouldering the burden, refuses to be discouraged, however great the temptation, it will only be a question of time before the other's sense of decency will assert the need for reciprocation, and the balance be thus established."

As for the women, her best duty is first *sincerity*.

"The woman most likely to make a man happy is the perfectly natural woman, who takes a sincere interest in the affairs of life in general and her husband in particular. Such a woman will always prove a splendid hostess, because of that very sincerity which will enable her to understand her guests and friends individually, and make everyone feel at ease."

Secondly her duty is *faith*.

Again, "A woman's faith will guide a man through many difficulties.........Many a man has fought terrific opposition and conquered, because a woman believed in him, and made him believe in himself. Many monuments erected to heroes might never have been built had not the faith of some woman urged the hero on to glory."

Of course, the whole matter has to be worked out practically; and it is here that a woman scores. "One wonders", someone said, "why modern psychologists should even think that they can teach women anything where men are concerned." A woman can always find a way happily to manage her life and her husband's, especially as many men are but as children, and their wives are like their mothers who, it is said, "are fools if they try to make them grown-up." A daughter once told her father, that her recipe for a happy married life was: "To get my own way and let my husband think it is his."

Finally,

"Self-control is at the bottom of all art. Artists in every sphere of activity have always had to submit to the grinding discipline, which is involved in the creation of a beautiful thing, and the artist in marriage can no more escape this destiny than the artist in oils. Once he or she has faced this fact squarely, once the self-control has been gained, which can stop the gorge from rising on any provocation and so ensure that the bitter word is left unsaid, the foundations of a happy married life have been well and truly laid."

IN MAN'S REALM

"BROKEN IDOLS."

I wonder whether your readers are familiar with the novels of W. J. Locke. Many of them are thought-provoking, pleasant stories written in an admirable style. Take a copy of "Idols" and go through it, if you have not already done so, and you will readily agree with me.

I do not propose to narrate the story here. The course of events turns on two illusions of a woman;—1, that the man she loves will forgive her anything, if her sacrifice is for the sake of his life and honour; and (2) That the man she adores is a perfect paragon of truthfulness, and that she can implicitly trust in him. With the first illusion a man is idolised, and with the second another is worshipped, and noble Irene, the heroine of the story, comes out of the ordeal much burnt indeed.

Many such illusions are prevalent in society everywhere. Some, peculiar to man's realm, may be mentioned in this article. The notions a man often has about himself are something which baffle description. He sets a high value on himself and expects his partner, as he condescendingly calls his wife, to pamper that illusion. A dull never-do-well, he may be, but he wants to be a hero in his own little world. He starts his life with the notion that his mother idolises him, because he is a male. His father does not openly demonstrate his pride, but his very indifference to him, and even a possible genuine preference for his daughter, are interpreted as symptoms of sure regard for him, a regard taken for granted In the school, he is polite to girls, very deferential, speaks highly of their ability, intuition etc.; but those are all the characteristics of one conscious of his own superiority, and compliments to his "ego," which expresses itself in such condescending attitudes. Later, when he seeks his partner, or as more often happens to him, when he is sought as a partner, I do not know whether he pauses to analyse himself. The ideals of Indian woman-hood are high indeed, and she is to "idolise" her lord.

She knows not the clay feet of her human "idol" and her "puja" more often consists in silently allowing events to happen and things to be done; for the hold of the doctrine of Karma and the inexorable decrees of fate is deadly firm, on the minds of average Indian girls. The man wants to talk, to be subtly flattered, to be cajoled, to be sympathised within his small worries by the mute patient Indian wife.

A man's great pride is the ownership of a wife absolutely pure, chaste and undefiled. Of course, chastity, when applied to him, is elastic in its connotation. Have not the concepts of morality varied with the march of ages? Sir Henry Maine may talk of matriarchal society, but the eternal code for man has been clinched for ever by the law of possession; and, more than this, the idol that he has created for himself in the woman, is *his* embodiment of virtue. It may all be very well for Emilia to cry out:—

"Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell;
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth; Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: and have we not affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well, else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so."

The man means to instruct the woman by the idol he has fondly created, and not by some of his experiments with life or with truth, as he is pleased to term his exploits They are all "in the man's realm", and "you should not break my 'idol'. If you do, well, you have heard of Othello's story, and if Othellos are few in modern times, the more the pity or the tragedy of it."

Again, a man very often is a Peter Pan, and the woman must play the Wendy. He never grows; he is childish in his relations towards woman; he may be a thundering success in business, a boasting Babbitt, but he will continue to be a bungler at home-finance and at the business of housekeeping. The woman of imagination realises this in a flash.

She ought not to question why; she ought not to remind him of his responsibilities to his children. "How on earth then am I to manage?" I seem to hear a question from one of my fair readers. Well, that is the bother, and I wish to know first how you propose to manage yourself.

These are random thoughts. There is no attempt at logical arrangement. They are only intended to invite criticism.

T. S. P.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

LINKS

"Links old and New" is a fascinating article under discussion by the kind permission of the Editor of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine

What are old links, but links which chain us to actions, deeds and thoughts, which we are not responsible for. The past has given us more wars, cruelties and intrigues. than we shall ever have in the future. What are we striving for at present, but to break away from the fetters of the past?

Was mankind more contented, less selfish and happier in the past than we are in the present age? History does not prove it, nor do we, judging by our actions.

The events of the past have bound us in chains, which we are one and all trying our best to loose ourselves from. The work is tremendous—the links are too many, the ties too secure to enable us to accomplish the task all at the same time. But the climax has come. Human misery and suffering have reached the maximum point, and we have no time to ponder over sentiments of the past. The world must destroy what the past has handed down to us, and begin an era of one common understanding and one common liberty, a freedom we are all aching for.

When was there a greater mass of human beings striving to achieve truly human purposes than the world of the present day? When were thoughts in closer communion and human touch, and nearer to each other than at the present moment?

The past is dead and gone. We of the present must live for the present and work for the present. Why ponder over that which cannot be? We suffer now for what the past has linked us to. Why should we not hold in contempt the thoughtless arrogance, the selfish laws, the endless wars, the past has given us, leaving sufferings and poverty, disease and unhappiness, as the outcome?

Individual greatness of mind and thought have been in the past, as in the present and will be in the future. We cannot compare individual greatness with the deeds, actions and thoughts of an age.

Live in the present and act for the present—why think of the past? Comparisons are unpleasant and break harmony, on whatever subject they may be.

Past, Present and Future—we have striven, still strive and shall strive, for liberty, equality and fraternity. Until these come, there will be no rest, contentment or peace. Once we are united in thought and deed, we shall be happy, with no shackles to bind us. Links are heavy, links are sad. A fragrance soft, and a fragrance sweet, is sufficient to remind us of memories dear and afar. Links must break.

J. B. Roy.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN

THE sun was almost on the verge of sinking in the West, and the evening twilight was fast approaching, when I saw numbers upon numbers of Indian women, clean and neatly dressed, but tired and lifeless, emerge from a large factory, and take their weary way to their lonely homes I pitied them from the depths of my heart, for I knew they had worked all day long, some of them standing most of the time, and most of them doing the same monotonous work day after day. Now, they had finished another day's work and were on their way home. Was there any joy in their lives? Were they not too poor to experience any of the happy thrills of existence? Probably it was all they could do to make both ends meet. How drearily they trudged along the road, dispirited, depressed and wreary! What amusements would they have when they reached their dingy dark homes? What recreation or what laughter? Nothing! They would probably have to cook the evening meal, or look after squalling children, or decrepit old parents. What a life of drudgery and misery!

Alas, cannot anything be done to amuse these women, and to cheer them up in the evenings and make them look forward to the next day's work with renewed vigour and enthusiasm? Cannot clubs be formed as they are in England, where working girls can meet and have a good time?

When will rich influential women come forward and help the working girls of India? Now, that the number of industrial workers are increasing, something ought to be done for their social recreation. Let us hope that rich women in industrial towns will do something for their poor sisters.

PUNKAJAM.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

IT is the fashion amongst many Indian women, to drape the saree around them, without using a single pin or brooch I have been told over and over again by modern Indian girls, that it is old-fashioned to fasten the saree over the shoulder with a brooch. I feel, however, that the saree ought to be fastened, although, perhaps it does spoil the mat rial to be pinned, and although, according to some people it may be a little more graceful not to use pins.

There are many reasons why the saree should be fastened with a brooch on the shoulders:—

1. The saree, as it is, is a cumbersome dress, and an active busy women cannot be bothered with ever having to adjust it. It makes her slovenly and unbusiness-like.

2. Men hate to see women fiddling with their dress. I remember a man once criticising a modern Indian beauty.

"Honestly," he said, "there wasn't a moment when she did not do something to her saree. She could not move her little finger without some part of it slipping down, and her whole time was occupied in adjusting it over her shoulders. She made me feel quite jumpy and nervous."

3. A brooch should not really spoil the grace of the saree, although it is asserted to do so by some people. In fact, it makes it look neater, whereas a saree merely swathed around one is decidedly untidy sometimes.

I once saw an Indian woman play an important tennis match without pinning her saree on her shoulder, and it was most exasperating to us, lookers-on, to see her constantly pull the saree up, on her left shoulder. I was very nearly tempted to offer her a brooch, and I would have done so, had it not been for the fact that I knew the lady purposely dressed thus, in order to be in the

modern fashion. The idea is that pins and brooches are only used by those Indian women who are Anglicised ; but this seems to be rather a futile argument, because our women are modern in so many other ways, that it almost seems a paradox to advocate an ancient habit as a modern fashion, when those very women are at the same time crying down so many other very admirable ancient customs.

The saree should be made to feel as comfortable and free and easy as possible, for only then can women cope with the strenuous work which lies ahead of them.

SISTER SUSIE.

SOCIETY SNAPS.

FRIENDSHIP.

"The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel,"

says Shakespeare ; but how to do this. I ask. How am I to keep my friends firm, friends true? The first thing needed, as we all know, is sincerity. If one is truly friends with another person, then friendship is bound to last. Out of sincerity, comes true naturalness, so that one does not need to pose, or pretend. But even in the truest friendship, there does come a time, I think, when one has to pretend so as not to hurt the best of friends; e. g., suppose my friend has received a rebuke, or a criticism, or an unkindness from some one. He comes to me for consolation ; and sometimes it happens that pathetically he tries to find some of his opponent's statements ambiguous, so that he can try to wriggle out of a spiteful accusation. Well, what do I do then, if I feel that the statement is not ambiguous, but can only mean one thing and that bad. Why I shall still make it as ambiguous as I can, so that my poor friend can find some consolation for himself and a feeling perhaps that he was mistaken in being offended. Isn't that a pose?

Going back to our point,—out of sincerity, comes also true understanding, and from the latter develops the desire to make allowances and be patient. Not only do we need, as I read in a paper "to see ourselves as others see us", but also "to see others as we see ourselves". For instance, if we are addicted ourselves to moods, to fancies, to silent fits, preoccupations, we should think others can have the same, and not be offended if we are at times apparently set aside, or not noticed, or brusquely treated.

"It is extraordinary how easily a friendship may be wrecked by some trivial occurrence, such as a letter unanswered, some

little unintentional lack of courtesy, a hastily or badly expressed opinion. We brood over these things and give them an importance they do not deserve. Instead of letting these trifles, for such they are in the light of commonsense, hurt us and influence our friendship, we ought rather to interpret and understand them by the established fact of our friendship.........At all costs, then, we ought to take thought and pains to see how a friendship worth having can be preserved unbroken.

"SOUR-SWEET"

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

(1) DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TWO COOKS.

WHEN ever Rukmini and Seeta did real cookery, the Doll's Villa was out of the question. It would scarcely accommodate one individual, and for two persons to make use of a pair of stoves simultaneously would have been a juggler's feat. Chandra built two ovens temporarily in a sheltered corner of the garden, sufficiently far apart, and the cooking began. Raji's assistance was sought by both sisters, and with Raji came her little brother to help or hinder the operations.

Vasant was playing close by constructing a special line for his train to bring the imaginary guests to the banquet.

"Babu,' he shrieked. "Don't stamp your foot there. Bring me those bamboo strips and I will make a semaphore. These stones mark London, Madras, Calcutta and Singapore. This is a railway bridge, and that a level crossing This is a watering station and my engine shunts here There's a good boy Now keep out of the way and clear the track of pebbles and rubbish. Look here, this is Arkonam junction—Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway. B B.C.I.R."

His brother toddled off to do pioneer work in the railway construction. Vasant wound the spring and started the train. Babu ran after it clapping his hands, and Raji busied herself picking up the hibiscus and tube roses scattered by the engine, as it shook off its decorations.

"Rook, can you spare me Raji for a minute?" came Seeta's voice across the distance that separated the two.

"She is not helping me at all," replied the elder sister and cried, "Raji, Raji, Seeta wants you. Why, what a hob-goblin you are, girlie; I am sure mother will scold you if she sees this."

Raji, who was wearing Mohun's lungi as a saree, which kept twisting round her legs, had come running up and rubbing her eyes. She could not understand why she looked like a hob goblin, till her sister called her attention to the Kohl, which had over-spread her fore-head and cheeks by vigorous rubbing. Raji glanced at the back of her hands and stood still.

"Raji, come here at once and shred these cashewnuts finely," her other sister called her. "You will find the knife under the window."

"Seeta girl," rebuked the eldest sister. "Have you taken leave of your senses to ask that child to use a knife?"

"So I have, I believe," was the answer. "Oh dear, I can't think at all in a connected way. Here is the blessed fire insisting on going out. The smoke is blinding me. Look at the plantains waiting to be peeled and sliced, almonds to be shelled and shredded, and currants to be picked—and the syrup is not ready. Flour must be fetched from the store room, and also ghee. Oh dear, what shall I do? This is enough to drive one mad. Raji girl, why are you so small?"

"Then why on earth are you heating that pan so, with nothing in it, Seeta?" asked Rukmini, in surprise. "I am sure there will be no bottom when you begin your halva. I say, take it off from the fire and get your things ready first."

"I am disgusted with life," remarked Seeta in emphatic tones of impatience and despair, as she followed her sister's instructions.

"You are exaggerating your trouble, I am sure." said Rukmini "I wonder how you will rave if you cut your finger as I did and, and if your hand is burnt like mine. I simply can't touch, pepper, salt or lime. Or look at my eyes. Any one will think I have been crying."

"Look at my hands," retorted the younger sister, "How smutty!"

"And your face too" replied Rukmini," go and see your own reflection in the mirror."

"Raji and Vasant, come here, children. Help me a bit, won't you? You shall get the largest share of halva," cried Seeta.

Vasant was already tired of playing with his toy train, for Babu would never let it run freely, always wanting to stop and seize it. With less ado than when Mohummad Tughlak depopulated Delhi with a word of his mouth, Vasant abolished the B. B. C. I. R. and wiped out all trace of it from the face of the earth. He was therefore at his sister's service.

"Vasant, do shell these almonds. Raji, pick those currants. Babu, Babu, mother wants you. Come into the house, I'll give you pepper-mints."

"I want those," declared Babu, disengaging himself from his sister's hands, and only after receiving his toll did he consent to ride indoors on her shoulders. Once in the house, he amused himself with the swing the chauffeur had put up, and forgot all about the fun in the garden.

When Seeta returned to her work, fetching what she wanted from the house, she found her brother doing his task honestly; whereas, though the quantity of currants had considerably diminished, there was no cleaned stuff in front of Raji. The truth was clear at a glance at Raji's jaws which were working as busily as her little hands. Vasant put on his usual sage-like smile and remarked,

"She has been shoving lots into her mouth."

"They are very nice, sister," the guilty one said, trying to cover her fault, and turning to her brother she said,

"I was going to give you some also but you only refused."

"I told you sister would scold,' replied Vasant

"Get away, you little goose," Seeta ordered, fairly out of temper. "I can do the work without you, go indoors and have a swing with Babu."

For a little while, with down-cast eyes and quivering lips, the curly-headed maiden stood sucking her thumb, as great big tears rolled silently down her cheeks. By and by a squirrel began to squeaking at the foot of a tree and the child turned and watched the creature, till at last a crow made it fly up the tree-trunk and hide itself in the branches, to pour out its anger in vehement cries. Raji forgot her trouble and scampered off in search of her little brother.

"Vasant, if you have finished helping Seeta, cut some plantain leaves for plates," said Rukmini.

' The lower leaves are torn into flags, sister," replied the boy, "only at the top the trees have got nice leaves."

"Then tell the gardener to cut us some. Seeta, do you want plantain leaves too?"

"No—yes, to serve my halva," replied the younger girl.

Near Rukmini in various dishes and baskets lay the things which were to constitute her *pulihar* rice and spinage dish. A snow-white pile of scraped cocoanut stood in a tray. Green chillies, limes, onions and garlic lay in a bowl. Fenugreek, mustard, seasoning leaf and asafoetida were kept in paper packets along with dry chillies and other materials. Small tins containing different mixtures of curry powder, Bengal gram and miscellaneous things were seen upright or rolling on the floor. A small jar of ghee completed the list.

Fifteen minutes after Raji had run indoors, Rukmini said to Seeta,

"I. have almost finished mine. How are you faring."

"I have just added ghee and all the other ingredients to the wheat meal and am about to stir them all in the syrup," was the answer.

A little later, a heart-rending groan from Seeta made her sister rush to see what was amiss.

"Lok at this mess, Rook," complained the girl in despair. "It is not getting pasty. When I mixed ghee and cocoanut milk with it, the wheatmeal felt like sand and not sticky. Now it is like this. Do you think the syrup is too thin?"

"But then you can stir it over the fire," said Rukmini puckering up her fore-head and looking intently at the 'mess'. "Let me touch it—why, is this really wheatmeal? Are you sure y u are not mistaken?"

"Everything has gone wrong. Nature and providence set themselves against me, when I want to do anything. Why should others get along all right and my things get spoiled?" Seeta said and groaned in despair, with her greasy hands pressing her temples hard.

Rukmini stood silent, not venturing to say anything till Seeta startled her by saying.

"It is because of you, I wore this wretched saree, which has been very much in my way".

"Come Seeta, we will go and tell mother," was all that Rukmini could say, placing her hand gently on the other's shoulder.

When things were described to Mrs. Vikram, a twinkle of suspicion came into her eyes and she asked.

"From where did you take the wheatmeal, Seeta?"

"From the dealwood box under the cupboard, mother," came the tell-tale answer.

"Why child, then you have taken kolam powder; add nothing eatable. Have you already wasted the ingredients?"

Seeta burst into a flood of tears.

"Why, silly," exclaimed Rukmini. "didn't we this very morning take that lime powder for our kolams? How forgetful you are."

Seeta sobbed all the more violently.

"Never mind, dear," consoled her mother. "It sometimes happens like that. People have toiled day and night all their life long to achieve some purpose; and when at last their labours were ended and they waited with eager hopes to see the fruits of their

work they have often reaped ashes. Is your disappointment so great? Next time you can do it again, and if you are a little more thoughtful you can avoid such mistakes all your life. Go now and help sister to serve rice."

(To be continued.)

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) OUR LETTER TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

DEAR CHILDREN,

The monsoon has set in, in many places in India, and with its advent, we have thunderstorms and lightning flashing across the sky. I thought, therefore, that it would be appropriate for me to tell you a little about Thor, the Teutonic God of Thunder, and Indra, the god of Thunder of our own Indian Mythology, who brings "rain to quicken dried-up pasture lands:"

Thor, the Teutonic Thunder-god, was the sun of Odin, "the chief ruler of the Universe, and the God most. wise" and came next to him. In Asgard, the celestial city, which the Gods built for themselves, a magnificent palace, with five hundred and forty halls and a roof made of pure silver, was built for Thor. He had three precious possessions, a wonderful big hammer, called Mjolnir with which he killed innumerable frost giants, hammered out flame from mountains and produced mighty sparks of fire from the sky; a belt of prowess, which gave him threefold power and strength; and lastly his marvellous iron gauntlets, which he wore when he used his hammer He usually drove forth in a chariot drawn by two goats. Here is a beautiful poem about Thor, by Longfellow :—

"I am the god Thor,
I am the war god,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Mjolner, the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,

And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard,
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations.

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder;
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness;
Strength is triumphant:
Over the whole earth
Still is Thor's-day!"

Now let me tell you a little about Indra, our own Thunder god. He is the god of fertility, and the spirit presiding over our corn fields. Let me quote a rather fine passage about Indra,—

"When the hot Indian summer draws to a close, the whole land is parched and athirst for rain; rivers are low and many hill streams have dried up; man and beast are weary and await release in the breathless enervating atmosphere; they are even threatened by famine. Then dense masses of cloud gather in the sky; the tempest bellows, lightnings flash and thunder peals angrily and loud; rain descends in a deluge; once again torrents pour down from the hills and rivers become swollen and turgid. Indra has waged his battle with the Drought Demons, broken down their fortress walls, and released the imprisoned cow-clouds, which give nourishment to his human 'friends'; the withered pastures become green with generous and rapid growth, and the rice harvest follows."

There is a story of how Indra, as soon as he was born, fought and won a great battle against the Drought Demon, Vritra. The latter held all the cloud-cattle as captives, and would not. let them go, with the result that there was no rain, and the people, suffering from the drought, prayed to the gods for help.

Then Indra, in answer to their supplications, drank deep of Soma, an intoxicating drink, and went to battle against Vritra, after snatching up his great Thunderstone. He had his two beautiful horses yoked to his golden chariot, and, followed by his servants, the Maruts, the sons of Rudra, he went forth to save mankind. The Maruts were the spirits of tempest and thunder. "All beings feared those 'cloud shakers' when they hastened forth with their lightning spears which 'shattered cattle like thunderstone'; they were wont to cleave cloud-rocks and drench the earth with quickening showers." These Maruts shouted and let loose their arrows and went among the captive cows, and drove them out Vritra roared until the heavens shook, but Indra, the bold, was not afraid. He went forward and used his thunderstone freely. He soon slew Vritra and torrents of rain poured on earth, and the body of Vritra was carried away into the sea of eternal darkness, and mankind was glad, for they were saved, and they sang praises to Indra.

Now that you know something about Thor and Indra, you will have a new interest when the next thunderstorm racks the sky, and you will be able to imagine Thor weilding his hammer, or Indra fighting against Vritra. Which god do you like better, the Teutonic o the Indian?

It will be a good idea if you can write an imaginary story of the two Thunder-gods meeting in heaven on a stormy day. Do try and write one, and send it here for us to see. Perhaps we may be able to publish it in the children's column of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. Won't that be fun?

Your sincerely,
PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ACUTE BRONCHITIS

ACUTE Bronchitis, commonly known as Bronchial Catarrh, is one of the most frequent diseases of infancy and childhood. There are certain factors which favour the development of this condition: they are 1, deficient nutrition and general debility due to any cause, 2, prolonged stay in ill-ventilated and unhygienic surroundings, 3, the presence of a nasal cold. Some children, when exposed to cold or extremes of temperature, get an attack of bronchitis; but, there are some children who have never had bronchitis.

Bronchitis is nothing but an inflammation of the lining membrane of the air passages, known as the Bronchi. The disease may be limited to the large bronchial tubes or extend into the finest ramifications, this tendency to extend into the smallest tubes being great in infants and children. The accumulation of the Catarrhal products (Phlegm) in the smaller tubes is attended with danger, as it will occlude the air-cells and deprive the lungs of their usual quantity of air. It is well to remember this peculiar tendency in connection with bronchitis in children.

Symptoms vary with the severity of the case. The cardinal symptoms are *cough* and *fever*. The cough is rough at first and often of a ringing character. Later, when the secretion becomes abundant, the cough becomes loose and the phlegm is brought out. Children under 5 never expectorate, but swallow the secretions. Fever is rare in mild cases, but may range from 100°—103° in severe forms.

The usual *course* of bronchitis is to subside under treatment in about 7 days. But some cases, especially very young and delicate children, run the risk of developing Broncho-pneumonia. Therefore the greatest attention should be bestowed on their pulse and respiration. A pulse rate between 120 and 130 per minute in a young child may be looked upon favourably, but if it is accelerated suddenly in the course of the illness and reaches 140 to 160, broncho-pneumonia should be suspected. And then, the normal ratio of respiration to pulse which is 1 to 4, if disturbed so that the ratio is 1 to 2, should make us suspect pneumonia.

Treatment: A child with severe bronchitis must be put to bed and warmly-clad. Flannels should be worn next to the skin. The air should be kept free from dust and the room should be properly ventilated. If the secretion is very viscid, as may be seen by the severity of the cough, steam inhalation[1] alone, or impregnated with eucalyptus oil or creosote, is a more valuable means of loosening adherent mucus, than the time-honoured expectorant mixtures. If this method is not possible, or as an accessory to this treatment, the following home-remedy will be very useful: Take adhatoda vasika root[2], cocculus cordifolius[3] bruised stem, and solanum jacquini[4] root in equal parts and steep the whole quantity in 10 parts of boiling water for 4 hours; separate the infusion and give it in doses of 1—4 teaspoons, according to age, with honey, three or four times a day. An excellent preparation known as the Syrup Vasaka at Cocillana compound is put up for sale by the Indian Medical Laboratory, Calcutta. This can be used instead of the infusion, the dose being ½ to 1 teaspoon two or three times a day. Linseed poultice, to which a little mustard is added, or antiphlogistine[5] to the chest, will be a great help. If the temperature is over 102°, the application of Pneumo Phthysine to the chest promptly reduces the fever. When this is applied, no other external application is called for.

As the children swallow the mucus, a purge is desirable. One may meet with some children, in whom the chest will be over-burdened with a large amount of secretion, which the patient is not able to cough up. In these cases, there will be shortness of breath and gurgling noises all over the chest. Such children should be promptly entrusted to the care of a physician. If this is not possible, an emetic dose should be administered which will throw out the accumulated phlegm. For this, 1 grain of copper sulphate[6] dissolved in four teaspoons of warm water will be very effective. This should not be repeated more than once in three hours.

If broncho-pnenmonia or pneumonia be suspected, the child should be placed under appropriate treatment.

Diet.--If the child takes good nourishment and assimilates the same, the chances of recovery are excellent. To rely on drugs and exclude food, is to discard the most important part of the treatment. Milk, plain or pre-digested, should be liberally allowed. Hot water should be given frequently.

FOOT NOTE : Steam Inhalation : This is best carried out by means of an inhaler (suitable for grown-ups) or by what is known as the Bronchitis-kettle. The water should be raised to a temperature of 140°F and creosote or eucalyptus oil at the rate of 30 drops for a pint (20 oz) of water should be added. The medicated steam emerging from the spout should be turned towards the face of the child, but not too near to it for a period of about ten minutes at a time. If an inhaler or a Bronchitis kettle is not available, any metal vessel can be used with suitable arrangements to direct the steam.

2. Adhatoda Vasika: Sanskrit, Vasaka; Tamil, Adatodai; Telugu, Addasaramu.

3. Cocculus cordifolius: Sanskrit, Amrita; Tamil, Amradvalli; Telugu, Tappateega.

4. Solanum Jacquini: Sanskrit, Vrahali; Tamil, Kandankattari; Telugu, Neela Mulaka.

5. Antiphlogistine: when the preparation is not available, pure glycerine can be applied and immediately covered with lint.

6. Copper sulphate: Tamil, Tuttam-Turusu; Telugu, Mayil-Tuttu. This emetic or any other emetic should not be given, if there is great prostration or marked blueness of the lips, tongue etc. One grain of copper sulphate will be equal to three rice-grains in weight.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FURNISHING SUGGESTIONS:

MY OWN STUDY

How that word "own' thrills one and raises one's anticipations! The very idea is enough to fill one with a sort of secret delight, not shared in by anyone, and therefore all the more precious; and yet apt to be made more precious still, in that others can, if we will, but only if we will, also have a share in it. I know a friend of mine who was told by her *fiance*, who naturally knew her nature well: "I shall see that you have a room of your own, your special room; but there is one condition, I shall make, viz: that I shall always be welcome in it" Well, that woman did have her room, although at first she did not need it, having her whole house, in which there was none but their two selves, to scheme for, to arrange, to make a home of Later, when children came and duties multplied, she was glad of this special room; but the time soon arrived when somehow it soon became a common room. It so happened that everybody drifted into it as by accident; everyone admired it and loved it, and sought it as a sanctuary; and the mother, far from resenting the intrusion of others into her "secret place", loved to make it a rendezvous of friendship and comradeship.

So now, let us each try to have our own room. And how shall we furnish it?

The room must not be a large one, I think; the smaller, the cosier, and the easier for the woman to control. The first thing, I think, is a table for writing at; of course to the woman of ordinary habits, this table will not be specially useful, except at certain times, as when she does her accounts, writes her letters, invitations etc. But I think it is very necessary that the table should be her very own; and that no other's belongings should be on it. This table should be so placed, that a good light comes, not into the writer's eyes, but on the table itself. I generally sit sideways to a window; and it is better, I have been told, that the light should come over the left shoulder. Then, the table should be more or less facing the entrance door, and be placed at the far end of the room, so that she can see who comes in, and also should be able easily to face her visitors when sitting. Then the table should have all the necessary writing requisites on it—pens, a receptacle for them, pencils, pen-knife, eraser, gum, twine, blotting paper, stationery, ink, writing-tablet, pins, seal, paper-weights, stamp-box, date-rack, paper-knife, large blotter etc: and all should be arranged handily, and yet not so as to be too near, or too inconvenient when writing It will be better for the journalist or writer, to have a large table; but if not, some of the things can be placed on a shelf by the side. Personally, I like large shelves near, on which to place books of reference etc.

Then, there should be a comfortable chair or couch placed in a good light, and with a table by the side, and a foot-stool for the feet. There should be one or two other comfortable chairs for visitors, and one or two tables, on which there should be ash-trays for smokers I like book-shelves in a corner of the room; and a rack where papers etc. can be placed. A nice thing for a room in India would be a soft carpet against the wall, with some cushions to lean on, or lie upon. A wooden plank against the wall will keep the cushions clean. A table for sewing, with sewing materials etc., should be ready. One should not forget a vase or two for flowers. And there should always be of course photos of relatives and intimate friends. One might as well mention the pictures on the walls. I do not like to mix reality with imagination here; but one wall can be kept for groups and portraits; another for scenery, another for paintings etc. Curtains should be ready to be drawn across windows for lighting, or across doors for privacy, whenever necessary. I don't like too many table-cloths, but prefer polished tables.

The colouring should be a special consideration. Different shades of the same colour, or two harmonising colours can be used. Dark red and green, shades of blue and white, red and deep yellow, gold and brown, grey and pink, or mauve and purple, can be used.

As time passes, different things will find their way into the room, but they should not be allowed to be kept anyway. I think there should not be too many extra things; but chiefly necessaries, and each should have its own special niche.

The arrangement should be neat and tidy and always orderly, with of course the artistic disorder of real work. Above all, everything should be kept clean, and in good repair and good condition. There should be also nothing tawdry and flimsy; but something solid and workman-like. If there are fragile things about, they should be kept safe from harm

A special rule should be made that none should interfere with the arrangements of the room, or mess about in it, or borrow things from it, without permission.

"HOME-DECORATOR."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MUSIC is an essential item of one's being; but in India, owing to the scarcity of good concerts where English music is produced, and the difficulty of finding out where good Indian music can be had, it is very easy to become lethargic about training the

musical ear, and more or less neglect the craving that one has for music, until one manages to get on quite well without it. Such a state of affairs should not be allowed to occur, and parents especially, should train their children to cultivate a musical ear. Children should be taught to play at least one musical instrument, which should be kept in the house. Also, every house should possess a gramaphone, and the best classical records of both Indian and English music should be bought. Jazz should not be indulged in too much.

It is very delightful, now and then, to have a moonlight gramaphone concert, when one member of the family undertakes to put on a certain programme of choice records, and the others sit round in comfortable chairs and listen.

Also, it is a good idea to tell one's children stories and anecdotes about the great composers of the world, so that their interest in music is heightened. Yes, music has a wonderful charm. It quells disquieted spirits and soothes harrowed nerves. On no condition should the sense of music in one be allowed to become atrophied.

PADDY.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND:—Love and marriage are still much-discussed subjects in the British press. "The daily Express" is one of the papers that I always like to read. It is publishing a series of letters from readers, who are giving their opinion of the appearance and qualities which characterise the Ideal Husband of 1931. Some of the letters are very interesting and make good reading. I give below a typical letter for the information of my Indian sisters:

"My ideal husband is tall and strong and handsome, with dark hair and eyes, who loves music and beautiful things, who admires his own wife and her "type" above all others and allows no comparison, who never forgets the little presents and flowers that delight a wife's heart, and who may be depended on by friends. Generous but careful, he may drink and smoke, but never gamble. He is adored by animals and can play with children as if he too were young. His personality is happy and energetic and he displays keeness in every undertaking, be it business, hobby or pleasure, and his home is his heaven and his wife its sole manager. A thoughtful and sympathetic husband, he possesses a great understanding of the short comings of others, and is always tolerant and kind, a true companion with a great knowledge of life and a perfect host, never failing in a wise choice of food and wines. He has a deep, reverence for God and his religion is faithfulness,

courage, understanding and love to his wife, employers and friends. This is my ideal.—Mrs. S. B. Shell, Folkestone.

English women seem to be rising from the abyss of ignorance. They are trying to carry aloft the banner of decent morality. Unhappy marriages, divorces, separations are engaging their attention. "Once upon a time an engagement was considered as important as marriage. It is so no longer, It may be a prelude: again, it may not. Even society is not now the cut-and-dried thing, it was in Victorian days. Miss Modern has an abhorrence of "sentimental slush", which is her description of anything so foolish as love-making.

Cultured men and women are making use of the Press for a frank exposition of the present morals of young men and women. Last Sunday, I was listening to a Hyde Park orator. He was preaching the gospel of cleanliness. Without a clean mind and body, we cannot enjoy an ideal life, he said. To me, it seems that the women of England are evolving a new moral code for the younger generation.

Society Women in Business:—English Women know the dignity of labour. Whether rich or poor, they love to work for their living. Even society women do business in this country. The Hon. Gladys Jessel has a hat and gift shop called "Edelle" in Hanover square. This is the first home of many a betwiching *chapeau*. This lady has turned her wonderful flair for lovely clothes into a full-blown career. The Hon. Ivy Somerset, sister of Lord Raglan, who believes that beauty and brains go together, has a hat shop in Lower Belgrave street, where her fashion-sense makes smart women smarter. There are many titled ladies who are interested in commerce. Unfortunately at this moment, I do not know their names and their respective professions. In my next letter, I will endeavour to give a detailed account of the activities of titled women in the realm of business.

A Woman bull-fighter:—Western women have rivalled their men folk in every conceivable way. Now, there is a lady who fights bulls. Senorita Mya Hollarez is the South American woman bull-fighter. Spain is world-famous for its bull-fights. There are bull rings where thousands gather to witness the fight between the man and the bull.

But now a Senorita in the bull-ring!

Women's News:—Frau Ella Stockhansen, the German millionairess and the country's most famous collector of old porcelain and other antiques, has valued her collection. It runs to over a quarter of a million sterling and is fully insured.

The average American woman, it is estimated by the President of the National Association of Boards of Beauty culture, spends

about £2-6-0 a month to be beautiful. £9 a year is spent on "permanent curls".

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, widow of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador to Britain from 1905 till 1912, and one of the richest women in the world, died at cap Ferrat on April '29, 1931, from congestion of the lungs. Mrs. Reid, with her brother Mr. Ogden Mills, shared equally her father's fortune of more than £7,000,000. Mrs. Reid was the founder of a club for young men and women in London and supported a good many Welfare organisations, including an orphanage home, a training college for domestic servants, and a boy-scout and girl-guide troop.

The Infanta Isabel of Spain, the aged, paralysed aunt of Don Alfonso, her heart broken by the Spanish revolution, died in Paris on April 23, 1931. She had joined the Royal family in exile, only three days before her death. Mlle. Lucette Rosard is a famous Paris card player. M. Briand, the renowned French statesman, is her pupil. This is indeed a great honour to Mlle. Lucette.

The "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition :—Every year, the "Daily Mail" organises the "Ideal Home Exhibition" at Olympia. It is a great exhibition for women particularly. For house wives it is a paradise. I saw fashions, gardens with massed bloom in brilliant colourings, furnishings and smart decorations, ingenious inventions, novel ideas, educational features, cookery hints and demonstrations, humorous shows, fun, life, colour, laughter, the national egg-laying test farm, poultry appliances, refrigerators, etc. This exhibition opened my eyes. I only wish we had at home such exhibitions for the benefit of housewives and those on the threshold of matrimony.

May-day Celebration by Women :—In the vanguard of May-Day demonstration were both young and old women, carrying banners with slogans and chanting revolutionary songs. I noticed one woman who carried a banner on which was inscribed: "Set India free." Another flapper carried a slogan which demanded the release of the 31 Meerut prisoners. These women, who paraded through the streets of London, were bold and defiant.

Sunshine in London :—At last, the sun has appeared in the sky and we are now bathing in radiant heat. April was a month of cold and rain. May has brought with it sunshine. Now is England at its best, with a clear blue sky and starry nights. The birds are singing once more. The grass is green. There is joy and jollity. I have longed for summer and it is now here.

S. M. Telkar.

GRAMAPHONE NOTES

"MUSIC hath charms". What a true maxim is that! I often wonder, if people who are bereft of music, realise just what they are missing by not absorbing a small quantity of it occassionally. I myself have spent hour after hour listening to, and studying, various branches of this art, and never have I had cause to regret one single hour spent thus Music can ably express any and every mood perfectly; sorrow, joy, longing, exultation, strife, jealousy all come within its precints.

We all have our own particular kind of favourite music, and, I think, every taste is well catered for, if only we look in the right place for it. Here is where the Gramophone scores every time, for you are able to choose your own type of music from the very huge selection that is offered to the prospective buyer of records. And it is my duty to aid and direct the purchaser to the best record available in each different class, and to explain a little as I go along, about the artist, and the music. With this article I am sending a photograph of a famous English singer—Peter Dawson, and I hope that the Editor will be kind enough to publish the same along with my article, and to publish other photographs that I shall send, in order to establish a closer feeling between the Gramophonist and the artist.

I sincerely hope that any readers interested in Gramophones or, indeed, in music at all, will write to me if they need advice, or any special records that are apparently unobtainable in India. I will do all in my power to help them. The following are a list of new Records issued by some of the leading British Gramophone Companies:—

There is something irrisistible about Richard Crooks singing on H. M. V. DA1163 in *For You Alone* and *Because.* He has a voice of extreme beauty, the top register being of great power and sweetness This is one of the outstanding tenor records of the year. Peter Dawson's name is well known to most of us, and I feel he has made a notable record of B3689 with *Yon Assasin is my Equal,* from "Rigoletto", and the beautiful *Tempest of my Heart,* from "IL Trovatore". Some of the best-known and jolliest tunes from Edward German's "Merrie England" have been recorded on a twelve-inch disc by the New Symophony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent. The orchestra is faultless in rhythm, balance and tone, and it is a sheer delight to hear the record again and again. The ever-green *Blue Danube Waltz* appears with Lehar's *Gold and Silver Waltz* on Record B3726, played by Marek Weber and his orchestra in their usual praiseworthy style. Raie da Costa is rather an interesting person, inasmuch as she is quite versatile. She appears in the H. M. V. lists for this month with

PETER DAWSON.

record B3697, on which she plays two of her own compositions, *Toyland Holiday* and *Moods.* The latter gives us what its title suggests and is, perhaps ordinary in style, but *Toyland Holiday* is a sparkling, tuneful, little gem, that will appeal to ninety-nine out of a hundred people. Lilian Davies, of Musical Comedy fame, sings *Roses of Picardy* and *Overnight* on B3821 in convincing style. *I know of Two Bright Eyes*, and *Somewhere a voice is calling*, sung by Webster Booth accompanied by the New Mayfair Orchestra, on record B3735, will be a big seller. Both songs are established fabourites, and are de ivered in delicate and sympathetic style.

DECCA.

Carl Brisson infuses some of his cheery personality into his topping Record of *Leave a Little Smile*, and *I Still Get a Thrill* (F2262). The Hastings Municipal Orchestra conducted by Julius Harrison gives a splendid rendering on Record F2261 of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and the *Tales of Hoffman* (Bacerolle). Andre Gaudin, accompanied by the L'Orchestra Du Theatre National De L'Opera Comique, gives a very fair rendering of the noted *Toreador's Song*, from Carmen, on one side of Record T 10005, add a spirited version of Gounod's *Mireille* on the other. Mons. and Madame De Lausney give a clear-cut performance of Chabrier's *Romantique* Valses, No. 1 and 2 (pianoforte Duets), on Record FF. 2092. The La Grade Republicaine Band, under the direction Pierre Dupont, is a little too harsh in its rendering of "*La Fille Du Regiment*" and "*Defile De la t ieme Legion*" on Record MF, 180. It is played well in other respects, but the tone is at times annoyingly blatant. Although this Record has been reduced to the amazing price of 1/6, there does not seam to be any change in its excellent surface qualities; it is gratifying to find that the same finish and recording is still given.

PICCADILLY.

This firm have released a good set of dance numbers this month, foremost among them being No. 749, *Girl of a Million Dreams*, and *Hello, Beautiful*, played by Jerry Hoey and his Band. *Egyptian Ella* is a novelty fox-trot, with a generous smattering of comedy, that I found quite amusing. It is played along with another fox-trot, *Shovel up Your Troubles*, by Alan Green's Band on Record 753. I have been wondering for sometime if such compositions as *In A Monastry Garden*, and *In a Persian Market*, would not be better left alone for a time. One or the other of these pieces is continually cropping up in the lists of various companies, the latest addition being a version, by the Band of the Honourable Artillery Company, of both these descriptive numbers, on Record 741. Whilst it is quite a decent record, I sigh with regret when I think of the hundred and one pieces that would have

been recorded with more benefit to everyone concerned. I strongly recommend Record 742, which contains a selection of "Good Old Time Songs", played and sung by Jerry Hoey and his Band.

BELTONA.

Such music as the *Coppelia Ballet Suite*, by Delibes, is the type that can be readily understood and enjoyed by the man in the street, and therefore constitutes the good middle-class music, for which there is a large demand. Record No. 171 by the Southerland Orchestra of Delibes' *Ballet Suite*, is well-balanced, and at no time does it become loud or raucous. The same Orchestra has made a good Record (No. 1003) of the tuneful *Student Prince* music by Romberg, but I found the tone throughout the Record to be strangely subdued; this may be a point that will appeal to people who like soft quiet records, but, in my opinion, a little extra verve and power would be advantageous. Isaac Losowsky, a violinist of extraordinary techn'que, plays a Spanish dance, *Zapateado*, by Pablo de Sarasate, with great skill and understanding, on one side of Record 6059, and Schumann's *Traumerei*, on the other. Many people, who know the delightful *Serenata* of Toselli, will be interested to hear of his Second *Serenata*, which appears in the Beltona Lists played by the Southerland Orchestra (349). It is a tuneful composition, in a sentimental vein, as is *Si Vous L'Aviez Compris* on the reverse side of the record.

STERNO

The new Sterno 12" disc at 2/6 is great value for money, for the fare is good that is set before us. Louis v. d. Sande, with the Berlin Symphony Orchestra conducted by Karl Rockstroh, is impressive in a rendering of the Pologue "*I Pagliacci*" on both sides of Record 8007, despite the fact that the huge orchestra occasionaly swamps the singer. There are few operatic numbers more popular than the *Prologue*, with its dramatic movement and melodious passages. Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*, played by the Orchestra of the Stadtischer Opera Berlin, conducted by Karl Rockstroh on record 8006, is a fine orchestral number. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Nicolai) on both sides of record 8003, is played by the last-named Orchestra, but, in this case, conducted by J. Waghalter. Last but by no means least, Record 670, a 10" 1/6 disc. containing *Drink, Brothers, Drink*, and *Sing Holly, go Whistle, Hey Hey!* is just the thing to enliven any dull minute.

LELAND J. BERRY.

Some good Indian records are *Pavazhakotimeethil Asai* by V. N. Subramania Bhagavathar; *Paeratharikum Adiyavar* reproduced from one of the late Shanmuga Vadivoo's compositions; *Evari Mata* by Miss Subbalakshmi; *Sringara Vathani* by Nagaswami Bhagavathar.

COOKERY NOTES.

TEMPLE PONGAL

Mix ½ Madras measure of fine raw rice with ¼ measure of green gram dhal. (The latter ingredient should be prepared just at the time, by frying the green gram in an iron pan, placed over the oven until it gives its characteristic smell, and then breaking the same into pieces on the grinding stone).

Put the mixture in water, stir it well and remove the husk and small stones. Put the contents in a basket until the water gets away.

Take a broad-mouthed vessel, which can hold 4 Madras measures of water. Pour 1½ measures of water into it and heat in an oven. As soon as the water has reached the boiling point, put the mixture of soaked rice and green gram in. After stirring well, cover the vessel. When the rice is almost cooked, add in the following order—½ palam of pepper, ½ palam of slices of green ginger with their outer layers well stripped-off, 5/8 palams of powdered salt and 12 palams of ghee.

Finally, take 1/8 rupee weight of asafoetida and dissolve in a quantity of water weighing Rs 2/- and add the watery portion thereof to the cooked rice and stir well once again. Then remove the vessel from the oven and place on burning cinders for about 5 minutes.

(Translated)

T. S. VAIDYANATHA IYER.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

A FROCK FOR A GIRL OF TWO YEARS:

Crochet a chain of 12 inches.

1st row: 1 d. c. into fourth chain, 2 chain;

Miss 2 chain of foundation, 1 d c into next chain.

Repeat. Turn with 5 chain as a general rule

2nd row: 1 d c. into the middle stitch of the first loop; 3 chain, 1 d. c. into next centre stitch. Repeat.

Alternate the rows till the work is 13 inches. This is the front of the bodice. Do the same for the back, and join the foundation chains for 6 inches; leave the other open for armhole, join shoulders together for 9 inches, then the other side under the arm.

Work the skirt on to the bodice in the same pattern as the bodice, till it is 7 inches deep.

Work in the same pattern round and round the arm-hole until the sleeve is 2½ inches.

Join the wool to neck; 3 chain, 1 d. c. into the middle stitch of next loop; 3 chain; 1 d. c. into same loop; 3 chain 1 d. c. into same loop. Repeat the trimming round the neck, sleeves and hem.

THE HEALTH NOTES.

CURD.

The food value of curd is exactly the same as that of milk, since there is no addition of any food article, or subtraction of any food constituent, in turning milk to curd.

It is, however, a proven fact that curd often agrees with people who cannot digest milk. This is due to the fact that the curd is extremely rich in lactic acid bacilli, which aid degestion to an appreciable extent.

Curd is not constipating, but it very materially differs in its effects from hot milk, which is decidedly laxative in its effects.

Curd disagrees with some persons, especially those who are of a phlegmatic temperament. If it is taken at night by such persons, it is apt to cause flatulence and distension of the stomach. This has given rise to a general belief that it is unhealthly to take curd at night. But the true fact is that, excepting persons of a highly phlegmatic temperament, curd may be taken in suitable combinations at any time of the day with advantage,—*Natural Health.*

FACTORS THAT MAKE FOR SOUND SLEEP.

In the Sleep Laboratory at Coligate University, Professor Donald Laird and Charles G. Muller have been conducting experiments, which form the basis of their book entitled, "Sleep—Why We Need It and How To Get It." This is published by the John Day Company. *The authors recommend that bed chambers have blue or green wall paper.* These colors reflect little light. This is important in the early morning hours of summer Light reflected from the sun may make your sleep less sound, even if you are not awakened.

But noise is the worst foe of proper sleep. It raises our blood pressure without arousing us. It causes the muscles to tighten. Many outside noises like those from passing trains or automobiles cannot be stopped, but their influence can be mitigated by using sound-absorbing materials in building the house. A home con-

structed in this fashion may be so quiet that a door or telephone bell cannot be heard from one room in another.

A velour screen, dark in color, placed before the open window in a bedroom, keeps out both noise and light. Velour and heavy wool rugs also aid in deadening sound. An alarm clock, or even a watch ticking beside your bed, can make your sleep lighter. If the timepiece is placed on a cushion-pad, it will be less objectionable.

A double bed is the best for one person. The mattress should be in no case less than thirty-nine inches wide, although many are in use that measure only thirty-six or even thirty inches. Covers loosen more easily on a narrow bed. Besides, there is a certain mental apprehension about falling out of bed, which results in an unconscious holding on. The coil-spring is superior to that made of horizontally-stretched wires or springs or metal links and known as a link-spring. After a night's sleep on a coil-spring, about fifteen per cent less increase in energy is required to do mental work, than after a night on a link-spring. The reason is that the link-spring sags like a hammock and keeps muscles tensed all night long.

Coil-springs of medium softness are better than soft ones. A very light person will need lighter springs than a very heavy one. Blankets should be wide. Wool or camel's hair is the best material. A down pillow is for some the most comfortable; others prefer a hard cotton pillow.—*Good Health.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

(Selected)

HOME NURSING FOR INDIAN WOMEN LIVING IN INDIAN STYLE

Compiled by Lady Petrie and Dr. Ruth Young (St. John Ambulance Association, Indian Headquarters, New Delhi Price As. 12.)

The excellent manual on Home Nursing prepared by Miss Mildred Heather-Bigg, at the instance of the Ambulance Committee of the St. John Ambulance Association, London, forms the basis of this text book. The compilers have kept in mind the large differences in the manner of living between European women and Indian women; the several directions for nursing as well as directions in respect of food, bedding, etc. have consequently been re-written, keeping the changed requirements of Indian women in view. The book largely follows the syllabus of instruction for the St. John Ambulance Association Home Nursing Certificates course

This manual will be found helpful, not merely to students undergoing training as nurses in India, but also to the generality of Indian women who have perforce to be nurses for their own families on occasions. Vernacular editions are to be shortly published.

MISS MAYO AGAIN.

Miss Katherine Mayo has made it a point to bestow periodically her unwelcome attentions on India. Hardly had the indignation caused by her first book abated, than she produced another entitled "The Slaves of the Gods", in which she claimed that the passing of the Sarda Act was entirely due to the volume of opinion created against child-marriage by her first book on India. It is, indeed, surprising that Miss Mayo should now turn round and declare in her third and new volume that the Government of India's Child Marriage Act was a "Great April Fool Joke"! Consistency, we suppose, is the virtue of angels and not of "Drain Inspectress!" In the West, modern thought is striving hard to remove the stigma of illegitimacy from innocent victims and to secure for them the same rights as legitimate children. For Miss Mayo to suggest in the 20th century, even as an expediency, that child marriages should be invalidated and the off-spring declared bastards savours of the old dispensation. We trust that in her next book, Miss Mayo will be more up-to-date in her ideas, snd turn the searchlight of her criticisms to problems such as, too frequent divorce, and looseness of morals in school-going girls and others nearer her own home.—*Indian Social Reformer.*

YOUNG TURKISH WOMAN AUTHOR.

"Unveiled", the autobiography of Selma Ekrem which is to be published this month by Messrs. Geoffrey Bles, will be of special interest to those interested in the feminist movement in Turkey. Still in her twenties, her book deals with her experiences in the harem, in war, and as a prisoner to the Greeks. Like Halide Edib, who did so much to put Kemal Pasha in power as leader of the Young Turks, Selma Ekrem belongs to an old and conservative Turkish family.

THE ANDHRA WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

The Andhra Women's Conference was held at Guntur last month. It was very well attended, and a large number of delegates from different parts of the province took part in the discussions. There was a welcome address by the Chairman of the Reception Committee.

She urged the participation of women in movements that engage the attention of the country, and exhorted women to organise associations in each village, so that every woman will be able to appreciate the trend of events. The next point referred to in the address was about the evils of child marriages. Touching the question of administration of local bodies by women, the address pointed out that women are fitted for the task of conducting civic organisations, and urged that soon the system of nomination of women to local bodies should give place to a statute declaring that more than half the executive of the local bodies should be women.

The President thanked the Reception Committee for the honour done to her.

She said that there was grinding poverty everywhere in the land, which killed all enterprise and was responsible for lack of individuality among men and women. The Congress had set itself to the task of driving out poverty from the land. She wanted them to remember the message of Mahatmaji delivered at Karachi—the message of Khadi. She regretted that there were yet some in the Conference, who had not discarded foreign cloth.

She then adverted to the question of untouchability. Mahatmaji said that untouchability was a standing insult to the fair name of India.

She concluded with an exhortation that her Indian sisters should take a larger share in the fight for the country's emancipation, and give a more glowing account of themselves, should there be another struggle.

Several resolutions were then passed.

CARE OF WOMEN PRISONERS.

A plea for the increased use of the services of women in a new sphere was made at the National Council of the Women's Conference at Aberdeen, which adopted a resolution urging the Home Secretary to appoint a Woman Commissiener of prisons and a Director of Convict Prisons and urged the necessity for the revision of methods dealing with women prisoners.

Appealing for the relaxation of the stringent precautions in guarding women prisoners, it said that they were docile, well-behaved, passive; and elaborate precautions to prevent escape were unnecessary.

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